DID ASTOR FIND CAPT. KIDD'S RICHES?

EB. 24,
1934

Liberty

5¢

VHY I HAVE
EPT SILENT
R TWO YEARS
ANN HARDING

IF
WASHINGTON
HAD BEEN KING
By WILL IRWIN

A MATCH-MAKING MOTHER

WHY DORA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HOME SO EARLY? YOU HAVEN'T QUARRELED WITH THAT NICE MR. M.?
NO OF COURSE NOT, MOTHER. HE SUGGESTED DANCING AFTER THE THEATRE BUT I JUST COULDN'T...

I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU WHY MOTHER. YOU KNOW—EVERYONE KNOWS EXCEPT HIM! THATS THE TRAGEDY OF "B.O."
DON'T TAKE IT SO TO HEART, CHILD. WE'LL FIND A WAY TO HELP HIM

NEXT WEEK—Mr. M. comes to dinner
YOU SAY YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH BUTTER FOR DINNER LET ME GO GET SOME. NEED ANYTHING ELSE?
I'M RATHER LOW ON TOILET SOAP. BUT BE SURE YOU GET LIFEBUOY. NO "B.O." ALLOWED IN THIS FAMILY!

H'M...IF I EXPECT TO BELONG TO THAT FAMILY, I'D BETTER SWITCH TO LIFEBUOY RIGHT NOW. SAY, COULD THAT BE WHAT DORA'S MOTHER MEANT? IS "B.O." THE REASON DORA IS COOL AT TIMES?

"B.O." GONE Dora's in seventh heaven!
YOU AND MR. M. SEEMED VERY HAPPY TONIGHT, DEAR. HAS HE...
YES, YOU DARLING OLD MATCH-MAKER—WE'RE ENGAGED!

FRESH, radiant, "Miss America" complexions—how do they come to be? The answer in thousands upon thousands of cases is *Lifebuoy*. This popular toilet soap does wonders for the skin. Its gentle lather *deep-cleanses* pores—brings out natural loveliness.

"B. O." never warns its victims

How easy to offend unknowingly—especially when rooms get overheated! Let's play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. We can tell by its quickly-vanishing, hygienic scent that Lifebuoy lather purifies and deodorizes pores—stops "B. O." (*body odor*).

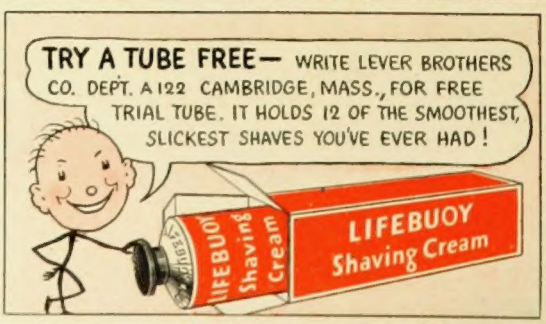
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

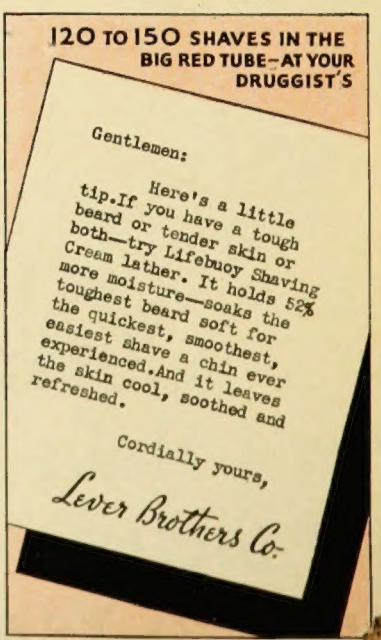
NRA WE DO OUR PART

HINTS FOR HARD-TO-SHAVE MEN . . . .

SHAVING SO SOON! BOY, WITH MY TOUGH BEARD AND TENDER SKIN YOU'D BE GLAD TO QUIT SHAVING A WHILE
BET MY BEARD'S TOUGHER THAN YOURS—BUT I WOULDN'T MISS A MORNING SHAVE

WELL, WHAT'S THE SECRET? OUT WITH IT
LIFEBUOY LATHER DOES THE TRICK—IT'S EXTRA-MOIST—SOFTENS TOUGH BEARDS—QUICK. SOOTHES THE SKIN, TRY IT


TRY A TUBE FREE— WRITE LEVER BROTHERS CO. DEPT. A122 CAMBRIDGE, MASS., FOR FREE TRIAL TUBE. IT HOLDS 12 OF THE SMOOTHEST, SLICKEST SHAVES YOU'VE EVER HAD!
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream


120 TO 150 SHAVES IN THE BIG RED TUBE—AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S
Gentlemen:
Here's a little tip. If you have a tough beard or tender skin or both—try Lifebuoy Shaving Cream lather. It holds 52% more moisture—soaks the toughest beard soft for the quickest, smoothest, easiest shave a chin ever experienced. And it leaves the skin cool, soothed and refreshed.
Cordially yours,
Lever Brothers Co.

Only you and the Apes catch cold!

THE ape can catch your cold and you can catch his. While other animals have what appear to be colds, they are in no way related to that compound of misery, discomfort, and danger we humans call a cold.

Driven by human suffering and economic loss due to workers' absence ($450,000,000 in U. S. alone), able research men have sought the cause of this puzzling universal malady.

Out of countless experiments on willing man and resistant ape has come what science believes to be the answer:

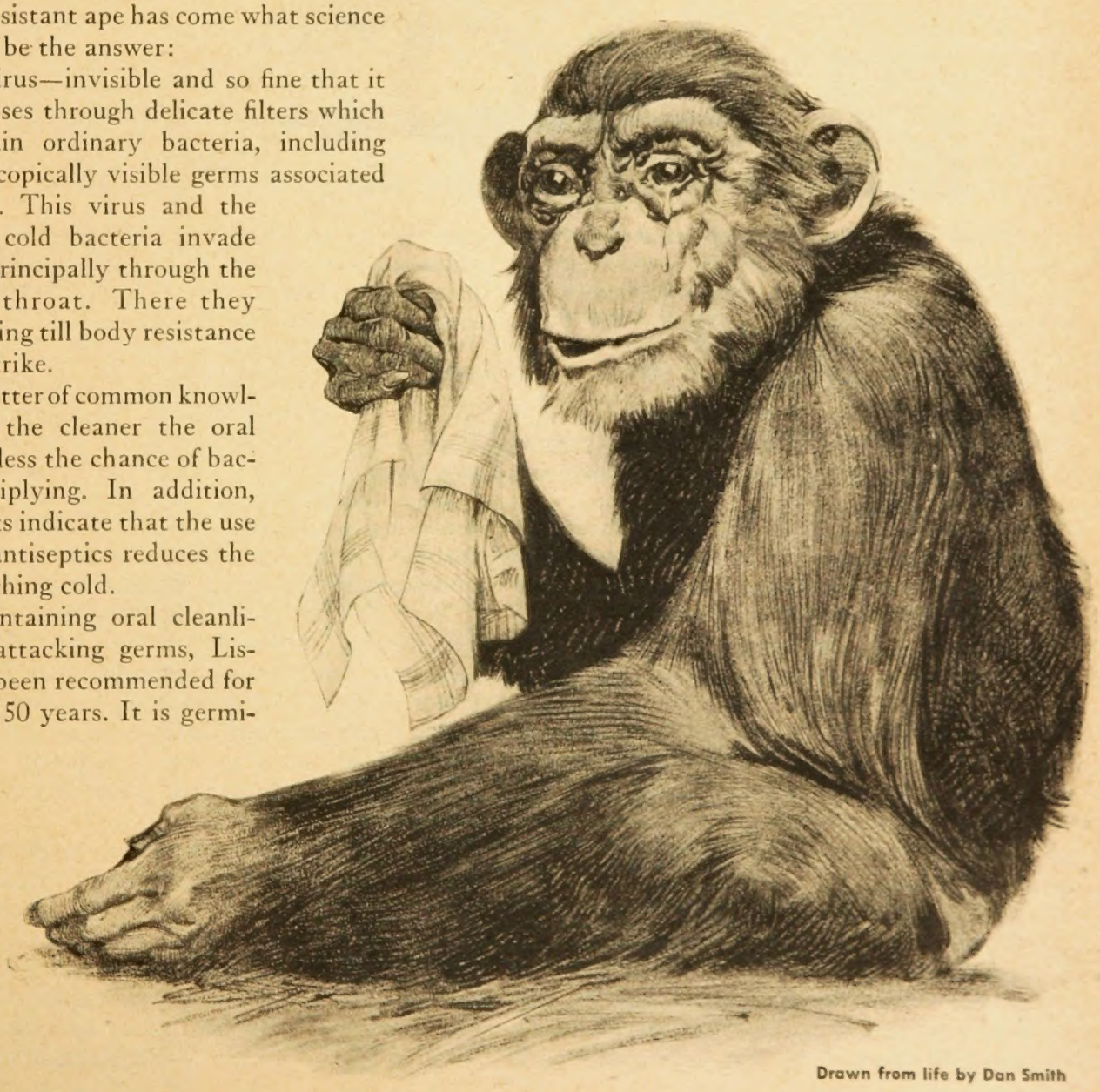
It is a virus—invisible and so fine that it readily passes through delicate filters which easily retain ordinary bacteria, including the microscopically visible germs associated with colds. This virus and the secondary cold bacteria invade the body principally through the nose and throat. There they lodge, waiting till body resistance is low to strike.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the cleaner the oral cavity the less the chance of bacteria multiplying. In addition, certain tests indicate that the use of mouth antiseptics reduces the risk of catching cold.

For maintaining oral cleanliness and attacking germs, Listerine has been recommended for more than 50 years. It is germicidal, non-poisonous, safe in action, pleasant to taste, and therefore ideal for home use.

Why not give yourself and your family the benefit of its freshening, cleansing, germ-killing action? Gargle every morning and every night.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*



Drawn from life by Dan Smith

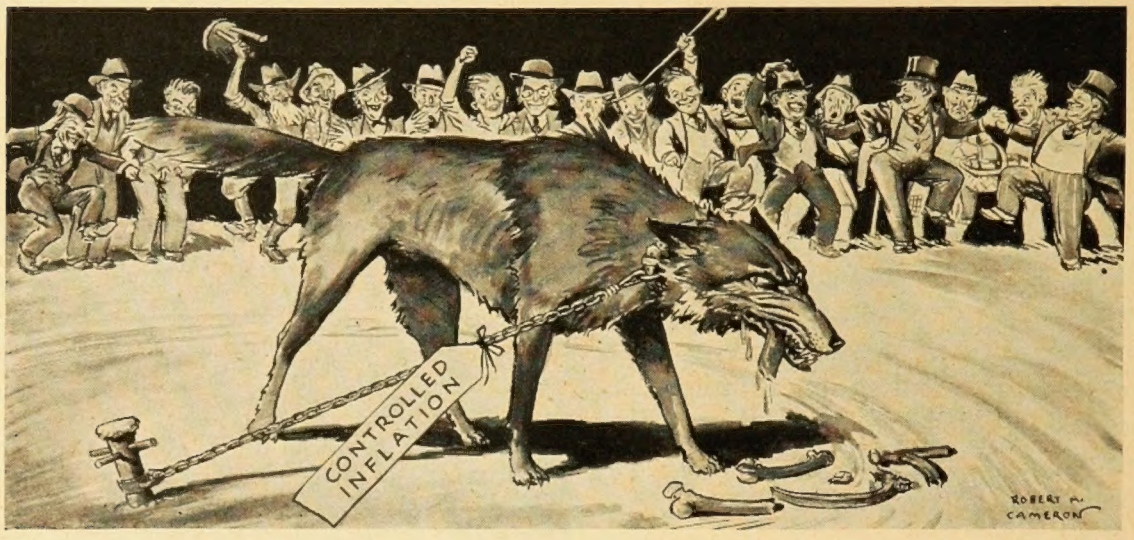
the safe antiseptic LISTERINE with the pleasant taste

FEBRUARY 24, 1934 **Liberty** VOL. 11, NO. 8

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

HERE'S INFLATION MUCH SIMPLIFIED



INFLATION is a big bad wolf that has been scaring everybody.

We read of what inflation did to Germany, the experience of France previous to the French Revolution; and if inflation were carried to that extreme we would have the right to be alarmed.

But inflation need not necessarily be in the form of printed greenbacks. It can be in the form of governmental liabilities—bonds, and indebtedness of any nature.

Undue inflation means that a government has made financial promises that it cannot pay. And the proper way to clarify this confusion about inflation is to understand that the government is conducting a business in many ways similar to a mercantile organization. From a financial viewpoint there is very little difference.

Any one conducting an ordinary business can soon become bankrupt by issuing notes beyond his capacity to pay. And to simplify the so-called mysteries of inflation, compare the business of the government in its financial dealings to that conducted by an ordinary individual.

Let us say the reader, for instance, is the owner of a business. He buys and sells merchandise. He has certain liabilities, bills that he owes. He has merchandise, current accounts owed him by customers, and other things of value that we call assets.

Now, in order to find the exact amount of his possessions, the reader would have to add up the value of his merchandise, his current accounts, bank balance, etc., and then he would deduct from this the amount he owes—his liabilities.

Now, he could issue notes for, say, 25 per cent or more of his net worth with a reasonable assurance that such notes could be paid. But suppose he should issue notes for two or three times the value of his net possessions.

He could not possibly pay these claims, and as an individual owner of a business he has inflated his fortune and is the victim of what we would call unreasonable inflation. Result—bankruptcy.

Now, the situation is identical with that of the government. It doesn't make a particle of difference how much money the government prints and issues as long as it is not making promises to pay which it cannot meet. If the interest on its bonds is always paid, if the income is sufficient to meet all claims when due, there is no possibility of dangerous inflation.

Innumerable efforts have been made to make the public understand the meaning of inflation; but it has never been presented in this simplified form, and many who have looked upon it as a bugaboo, a skeleton in our national closet, will doubtless find some satisfaction in such a clear explanation of what has been associated with many complications.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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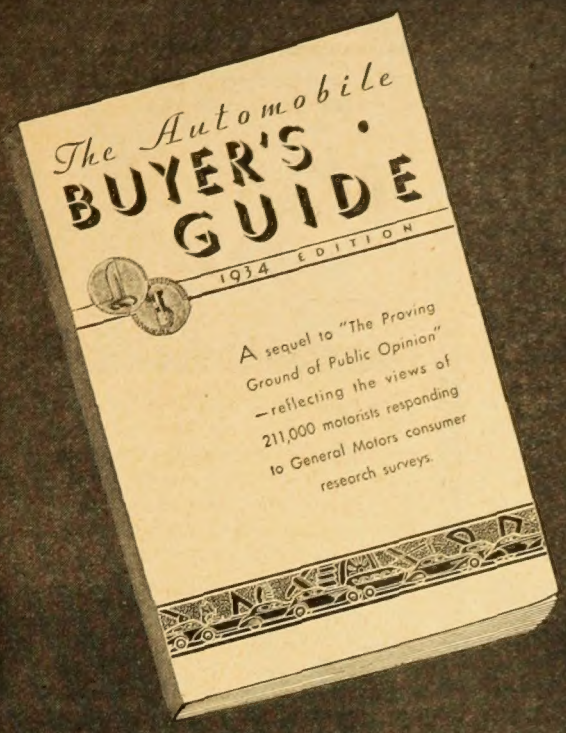
The Automobile
BUYER'S GUIDE
1934 EDITION
A sequel to "The Proving Ground of Public Opinion" —reflecting the views of 211,000 motorists responding to General Motors consumer research surveys.

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Briefly, it is designed to assist you in choosing, from among the many good cars on the market, the one particular make and model that will best suit *your* individual needs.

**Of course, we naturally hope that it may help General Motors sell more automobiles—although the names of General Motors cars are not even mentioned, except back on Page 80.*

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I own a_____
MAKE OF CAR

CAN ANY WOMAN AFFORD TO RISK THE DANGEROUS HAZARDS OF NEGLECT?

Thousands may benefit from this vital story—

"THE FOLLY OF FRANCES AMES"

Read this true experience—then learn how you, too, may guard against an often unsuspected danger.

A REAL LIFE MOVIE

Her eighty-first trip as a hostess on the air line. How Frances' friends admired her fine record for efficiency and courtesy! Yet how little they understood her recent listless, "dragged-out" feeling.

Then a woman passenger forgot to fasten her safety-belt before landing—a simple oversight. Yet, without realizing, Frances grew so needlessly short and unpleasant that the irate passenger threatened to report her incivility to the authorities . . . to see that Frances was called down.

Then Frances was summoned to headquarters. "You've been so irritable lately," said Captain Marks, "that several passengers have complained of your behavior. This is a serious charge, Miss Ames. You may have another month's trial. That means *improve*—or *quit!*"

Desperate, Frances consulted her physician. "Humm! No exercise, not as careful about your food—irregular meals! No wonder you're constipated. One thing you need, young lady, is *more bulk food.* Eat Post's 40% Bran Flakes regularly. You'll like it! And it gives you bulk."

What a change!—after Frances *realized* the folly of her neglect. Heeding her physician's advice—including Post's 40% Bran Flakes—she gradually became herself again. Today—always bright and charming—she is once more reinstated as the "A-1" hostess on the line.

More than You Realize

You, too, may need the extra benefits of this unique bran cereal that tastes so very good!

OFTEN you may not even *suspect* the constipation that comes from lack of bulk in the diet . . . and leads so swiftly, without any warning, to listlessness, irritability, run-down health.

And that's where Post's 40% Bran Flakes comes in—to give you the benefits of bran bulk in a cereal you'll love.

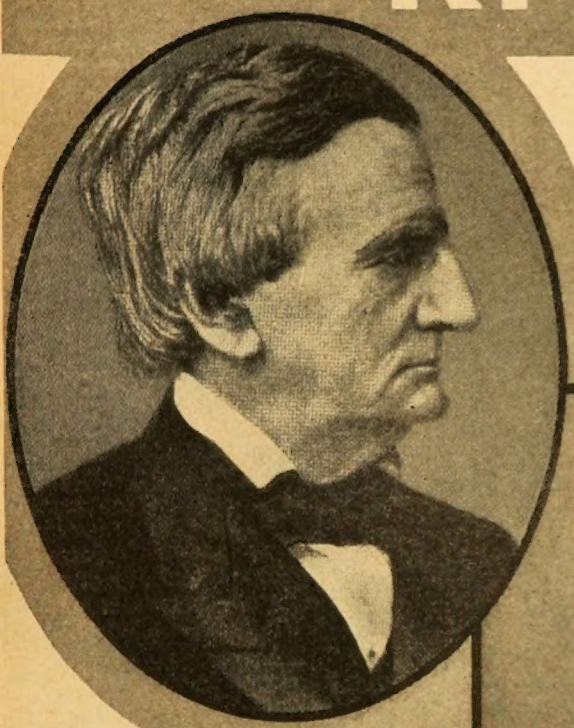
Actually, millions prefer it for its delicious, *different* flavor alone. But at the same time they also get the necessary bulk that so many diets lack—bulk that is needed by most people to insure *normal* elimination.

For Post's 40% Bran Flakes combines bran with other parts of wheat—to give benefits you need *plus* marvelous flavor. Also, it is high in nutritive value—with its phosphorus, iron and its precious Vitamin B.

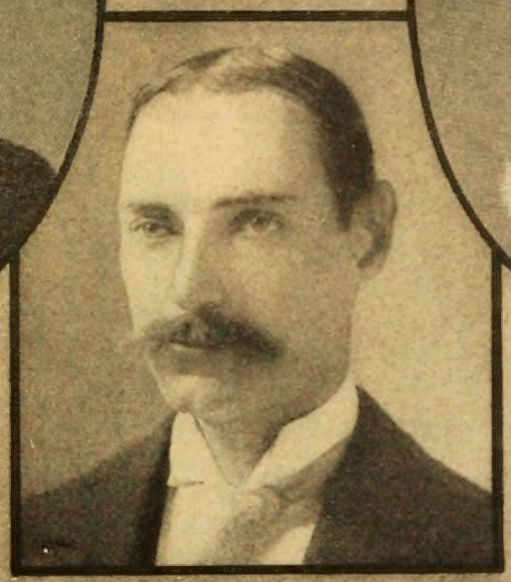
So make Post's 40% Bran Flakes the cereal you eat regularly—every day of the week! It costs so very little—a product of General Foods.

POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES

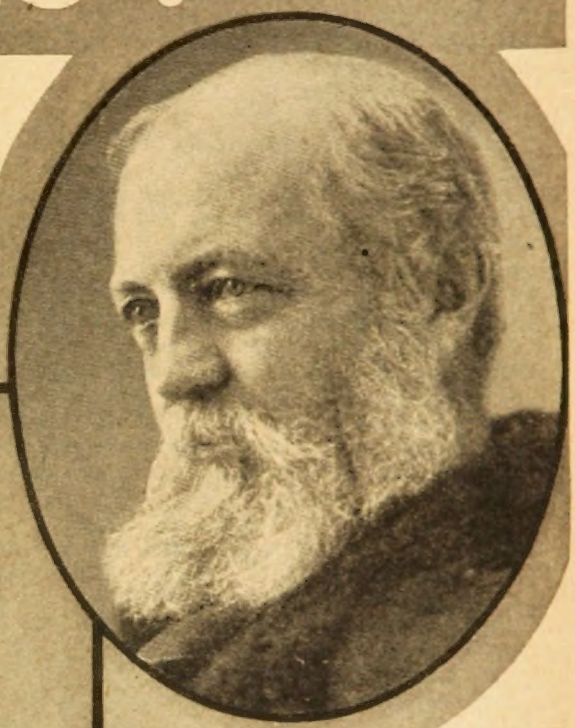
Did Astor Find Capt. KIDD'S RICHES?



William M. Evarts, who was Mr. Olmsted's legal adviser.



Col. John Jacob Astor, from a photograph for which he sat in the '90s.



Frederick Law Olmsted, who claimed the Astor estate.

(Reading time: 19 min. 45 sec.)

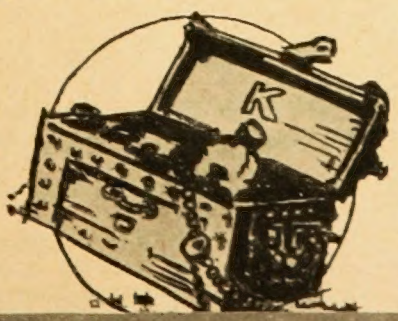
PART ONE—THE IRON BOX

Here's a TRUE Story Stranger than Any Fiction—of Pirate Gold and the Birth of a Famous Fortune

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, fourth of an honored name, was stroking his long silken mustache. Everything about John Jacob Astor was long and silken. An aristocrat. And why not?

Wasn't it his mother, *the* Mrs. Astor, who sat in that beautiful French château on upper Fifth Avenue and decided who was and who was not in New York society?

Wasn't it his great-grandfather, the first John Jacob Astor, who had invested two million dollars in New York real estate, and invested it so wisely that it had grown, in the hands of succeeding generations of Astors and Wendells and Delanos and Chanlers and Careys and Van Alens, until it had now reached, in the 1890s, the colossal total of four hundred and fifty million dollars?



Wasn't he, Colonel John Jacob Astor, scholar, sportsman, soldier, financier—he who was to meet a tragic death on the Titanic—called the Landlord of New York?

"Mr. Astor," said an obsequious clerk, "two gentlemen, Mr. Evarts and Mr. Olmsted, wish to see you on a matter they say is of the greatest importance."

"Not Mr. William M. Evarts?"

BY ALLEN MARSH

"Yes, Mr. Astor. Mr. William M. Evarts and Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted."

That settled it. Senator Evarts, senior partner of the great Joseph H. Choate, was probably the foremost legal authority of his generation. And Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, of the Brookline, Massachusetts, and Deer Isle, Maine, Olmsteds, was, as everybody knew, a famous landscape engineer, a city-builder, a civic architect, one of the best known men of his time.

"Let them come in," said Mr. Astor.

They did—Mr. Evarts big, burly, expansive, impressive; Mr. Olmsted quiet, retiring, sensitive. The greetings were becomingly cordial.

How could Mr. Astor suspect that Mr. Evarts's first words were to strike at the very foundation of his great fortune?

"Mr. Astor," the senator began, "my client, Mr. Olmsted, has come to you on a matter of extreme importance and delicacy. He has indisputable proof that the Astor estate was not founded, as you and all the world have been led to believe, on your great-grandfather's profits in furs."

"Well, senator," smiled Mr. Astor, "on what was it founded?"

"On the buried treasure of Captain Kidd!"

Now, the fourth John Jacob Astor was not a laughing man. He was, if anything, on the solemn side. But at this juncture he laughed long and heartily.

"You can't expect me, senator, to take you seriously," he said.

"Why else are we here?" said the lawyer.

"But Captain Kidd and my great-grandfather—"

"Mr. Astor, piracy makes strange bedfellows. And so does finance. And far stranger things have happened in both than the fact that the very substantial and highly respected fortune which you enjoy was founded on the stolen treasures of the most notorious pirate of all times."

"Did you say *fact*, senator? Aren't you going a bit fast?"

"As I said, Mr. Olmsted has the proof."

The man of great wealth turned to his other caller.

"Mr. Olmsted," he said, "I have the highest respect for your reputation and your achievements. I would be inclined to believe anything you said which could possibly be within your knowledge. But I hardly see how this alleged fact could possibly be in that category—or how, if it were, it could possibly interest you."

He rose, his hand once more on his mustache.

His two callers, however, showed no sign of departing.

"Mr. Astor," began Mr. Olmsted in a low, measured voice which demanded attention, "the fact to which Mr. Evarts has referred does interest me, and rightly."

"And why, may I ask, should anything concerning the Astor estate interest you?"

"Because the Astor estate belongs not to you but to me."

MR. ASTOR sat down. After all, the man in front of him was no adventurer. He was a sober, distinguished gentleman, a man of wealth in his own right, and he was accompanied by counsel of national eminence. Such a claim was not to be laughed off too easily.

"I realize, Mr. Astor," continued his caller, "that this disclosure must come as a shock to you—and I beg you to believe that I do not impute any unworthy motives to your ancestor in this matter. He was simply a shrewd business man who made the best deal he could—"

"Deal, man? What are you talking about? How could my great-grandfather have made a deal with this fellow Kidd? Why, Captain Kidd—"

"Yes, I know, Mr. Astor. Your ancestor did not make a deal with Captain Kidd. But I have established that he did make one with the man who found Captain Kidd's treasure."

"Well, suppose, for the sake of argument, that he did. Where do you come in?"

"The treasure was buried on land which I own—which my family owned at the time Kidd buried it."

Mr. Astor looked from Olmsted to Evarts.

"That's it," said the lawyer. "The treasure was found on Mr. Olmsted's land. It was therefore his property."

The full weight of what these men were saying—the enormity of what they intended—seemed suddenly to come home to the usually imperturbable John Jacob Astor.

"Preposterous!" he fairly shouted.

But he made no attempt to dismiss his callers or the subject regarding which they had come. It may have occurred to him—since he was himself a student of the early history of New York—that Captain William Kidd was no such mythical person as the stories about him would lead one to suppose. In fact, he wasn't mythical at all.

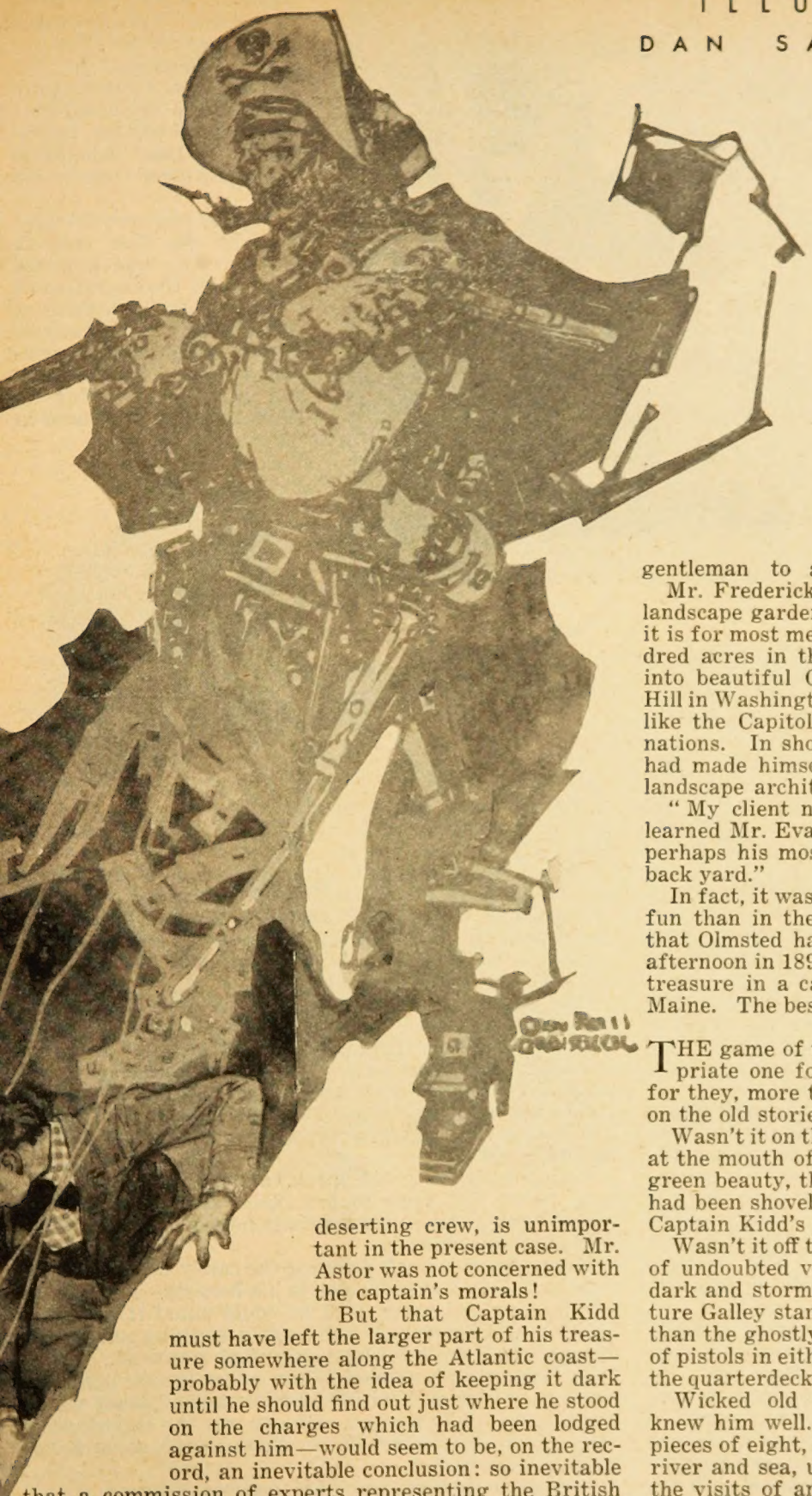
WILLIAM KIDD was, throughout most of his long career on the sea, a merchant shipmaster of honorable repute. He lived in what is now New York City in a comfortable home on Liberty Street with his wife, a prosperous widow whom he had married rather late in life. So good was his reputation that in 1695, when he chanced to enter the port of London in his brigantine the Antigoa, he was commandeered by the newly appointed Royal Governor of the Colonies of New York and Massachusetts, Richard, Earl of Bellomont, to lead an expedition against the pirates who sailed out of North Atlantic ports and harassed British commerce in the distant Indian Ocean.

The game of treasure hunting was an appropriate one for the children to take part in. They had been brought up on the old stories of Captain Kidd.

So far, there was nothing in his career to threaten either Mr. Astor's wealth or his peace of mind.

What happened to Captain Kidd when he reached the Far East no one seems to know for sure. Whether he was tempted by Oriental opulence and gorgeousness into the almost unbelievable piratical excesses connected with his name, or whether his crimes were exaggerated by tales spread by his enemies, the real pirates, and by his mutinous a[illegible]

ILLUSTRATION BY
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK



deserting crew, is unimportant in the present case. Mr. Astor was not concerned with the captain's morals!

But that Captain Kidd must have left the larger part of his treasure somewhere along the Atlantic coast—probably with the idea of keeping it dark until he should find out just where he stood on the charges which had been lodged against him—would seem to be, on the record, an inevitable conclusion: so inevitable that a commission of experts representing the British government, at the time of Captain Kidd's trial and hanging in 1701, spent months and several hundred pounds of good English money in a vain attempt to decipher their only clue to the treasure's whereabouts—a small piece of pasteboard which Kidd, after a whispered conference, had been seen handing to his wife.

This card bore these hastily scribbled figures:

44106818

Not much, to be sure, these cryptic figures, on which to base a search for buried gold. But over a period of two centuries this undeciphered and apparently undecipherable cipher had been enough to cause hundreds of otherwise sober-minded persons to spend hundreds of thousands of dollars digging and drilling on almost every likely spot from Nova Scotia to Key West.

Yes, Mr. Astor knew—or could have known—these facts. Perhaps it was some vague recollection of them which made him continue to give ear to what was probably the most unbelievable tale ever told in a modern business office.

"It is understood, is it not, senator, that I am listening to this story without prejudice to any of my own or my family's rights in the matter?"

"Certainly, Mr. Astor. My client comes to you as one gentleman to another."

Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted *was* a gentleman—*and* a landscape gardener. It was as natural for him to dig as it is for most men to breathe. He had dug up eight hundred acres in the heart of Manhattan and made them into beautiful Central Park. He had dug up Capitol Hill in Washington and created a landscape setting which, like the Capitol itself, has been the admiration of all nations. In short, by digging and its kindred arts, he had made himself recognized as his country's greatest landscape architect.

"My client never dreamt, however," commented the learned Mr. Evarts, "that his most notable digging, and perhaps his most profitable, was to be done in his own back yard."

In fact, it was probably more in the spirit of good clean fun than in the expectation of either fame or fortune that Olmsted had proposed to his children, one summer afternoon in 1892, that he and they should dig for buried treasure in a cave on the Olmsted estate at Deer Isle, Maine. The best part of the fun was that they found it!

THE game of treasure hunting was a peculiarly appropriate one for the Olmsted children to take part in, for they, more than most families, had been brought up on the old stories of Captain Kidd.

Wasn't it on the swampy shores of the Penobscot River, at the mouth of which Deer Isle lay in all its gray-and-green beauty, that thousands of tons of good Maine soil had been shoveled over and over again in the search for Captain Kidd's pieces of gold?

Wasn't it off the very shores of Deer Isle that fishermen of undoubted veracity, as fishermen go, had often of a dark and stormy night glimpsed the dream ship Adventure Galley standing bravely out to sea, with none other than the ghostly figure of Captain Kidd himself, a brace of pistols in either hand and a cutlass in his teeth, astride the quarterdeck?

Wicked old Captain Kidd! The Olmsted children knew him well. And as for his doubloons of gold and pieces of eight, Deer Isle, in its isolated position between river and sea, uninhabited for many decades except for the visits of an occasional Indian trader, was an ideal spot in which to look for them—especially as it boasted a mysterious cave of indubitably piratical aspects.

The cave was not far from the Olmsted residence. Its opening was, and still is, on the sea. It is of an irregular shape, averaging about ten feet in height and width and extending some twenty-five feet into the solid rock.

For generations the cave has been a favorite playground of successive groups of Olmsted children and a picnic place for them and their elders. It was on the occasion of a family gathering of the picnic variety that Mr. Olmsted observed upon the rock at the inner end of the cave what looked like vaguely traced marks of iden-

The original John Jacob Astor, who founded the fortune, from a portrait owned by his descendants.

tification. He particularly noticed a rude cross, its edges rounded and worn by the action of waves and of ice.

It was below this cross, in the darkest portion of the cave, that he had proposed that he and his family dig for hidden treasure.

The job promised to be hard. The floor of the cave was one solid cake of clay. At least, it seemed so. But to the amazement of Olmsteds, young and old, the clay was succeeded, at only a few inches below the surface of the spot directly underneath the cross, by a layer of sand, which was found to fill a rectangular hole in the clay fifteen by thirty inches and about fifteen inches deep.

"Imagine the excitement of my youngsters, Mr. Astor," said Mr. Olmsted, "and imagine my own surprise, when we found plainly marked on the otherwise smooth clay surface of the bottom of the hole the impressions of a rectangular row of boltheads, some three or four inches apart and about one inch from the outside edge!

"The bottom of the hole and such portions of the sides as had not been marred by the removal of the box which it had obviously contained were heavily coated with iron rust."

"Very interesting, I'm sure!" commented Mr. Astor a bit impatiently. "But I fail to see how this discovery is connected with either Captain Kidd or my great-grandfather. You didn't find in the sand an impression of those mysterious numbers—what were they?"

"They were 44106818. No, I didn't find an impression of them, but I did find that the latitude of the island is exactly 44° 10′ and—but perhaps you are not interested in these details, Mr. Astor?"

"Go on! Go on!"

"Well, naturally I was interested, as so many others had been before me, in the meaning of the cryptic numbers 44106818, but at first I could make no progress. The experts to whom I went for help reported, just as the British government experts of 1701 had done, that if the figures had ever had a meaning it was undiscoverable.

"As it turned out, the very simplicity of the supposed cipher had fooled the experts completely. For the time being, however, I found myself most effectively blocked.

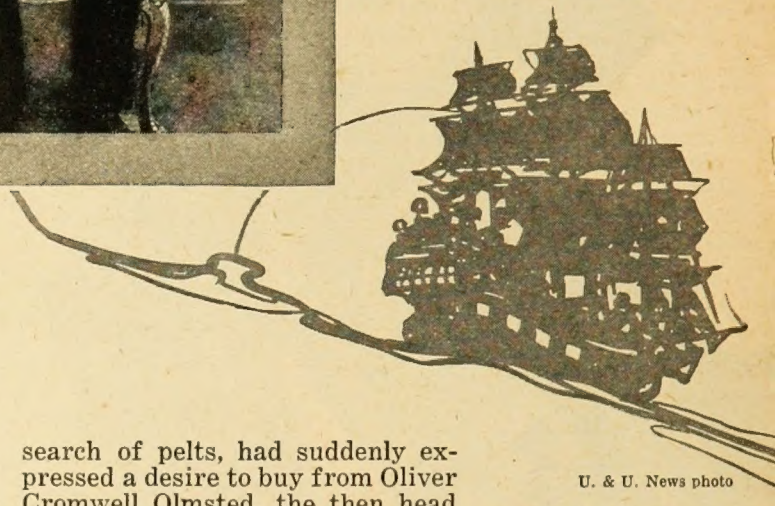
"THIS was the situation until the summer of 1894, when Professor David Todd, the astronomer at Amherst College, was visiting my family at Deer Isle. He amused himself one day by calculating the latitude and longitude of our home, which was, as you may remember, close by the cave. Later he gave the results of his labors to my daughter Marian. She was struck by the fact that the figures of the latitude, 44° 10′, were identical with the first four figures on the famous Captain Kidd card, 4410; and that the longitude, 68° 13′, was almost the same as the last four figures, 6818. This difference, as Professor Todd later explained, might easily be accounted for by a very slight variation in Captain Kidd's chronometer."

"Still you haven't connected the mysterious iron box with my ancestor, the first John Jacob Astor."

"I was just coming to that," smiled Olmsted. "The situation offered several interesting lines of inquiry."

He went on to detail them. The first thing the Olmsteds did was to try to trace the history of the stolen box both backward to Captain Kidd and forward to its present owners or beneficiaries. The forward course seemed to offer the fewer difficulties, so Mr. Olmsted set himself to a study of the names and occupations of all the inhabitants of Deer Isle from Captain Kidd's time to his own.

Careful research brought to light the fact that in 1801, exactly one hundred years after the execution of Captain Kidd in London, a fur trader named Jacques Cartier, who was in the employ of John Jacob Astor and had been coming to Penobscot Bay for years in



U. & U. News photo

search of pelts, had suddenly expressed a desire to buy from Oliver Cromwell Olmsted, the then head of the house of Olmsted, either the whole of the island or the southern end where the cave was located. Mr. Olmsted had refused both requests, but had finally sold the persistent Cartier a few acres in the center of the island, on which Cartier built a log house and lived for many years with his Indian wife.

The suspicious thing was that Cartier had always seemed an extremely poor man, living with difficulty on the meager pay he received from Astor. But when he offered to buy all or part of the island he seemed to be plentifully supplied with money; and when he finally did obtain a permanent lodgment on it, he gave up fur trading and devoted himself exclusively to hunting and fishing and drinking.

Occasionally he would speak vaguely of the good fortune which had come to him from some unmentioned source; but in his sober moments he would deny having said anything about it.

Naturally this created among the canny inhabitants of Penobscot Bay a suspicion as to his honesty—a suspicion which grew and grew until he could stand it no more. One day, when somebody had made a scathing remark, he disappeared from the island and never returned.

In Cartier's abandoned cabin, after his strange disappearance, the authorities found scraps of paper which had been partially burned. On one was the signature of John Jacob Astor, and on another, in the same handwriting, the words:

"Absolute secrecy must be observed because . . ."

At the time, these pieces of paper, presumably in Astor's handwriting, attracted little notice. Cartier was known to have been Astor's employee and it was natural that letters should have passed between them.

In Mr. Olmsted's hands, however, they were now pregnant with interesting possibilities. For if, as he had begun to suspect, Jacques Cartier had taken the mysterious box back with him along with his usual load of furs, and had delivered it to Astor for a price, then his sudden affluence and his decision to take it easy for the rest of his life would have been no wonder—

"An assumption, Mr. Olmsted, which would have to be

backed by legal proof," Mr. Astor commented quietly.

"Fortunately for my client," Mr. Evarts said, "it is."

"Yes," said Mr. Olmsted. "I am able to show by your great-grandfather's own accounts not only that he was directly responsible for the sudden prosperity of Cartier, but that his own sudden increase in wealth was exactly coincident with that of his employee."

This was no idle boast. The patient and influential Mr. Olmsted had discovered that Astor's only bank account in the period he was examining had been with the Manhattan Company. Fortunately, the books of the bank had been preserved from the very beginning, so Mr. Olmsted was able to obtain a complete and incontrovertible history of all of Astor's financial transactions from the opening of his account in 1798.

The business of both Astor and the bank was small in those days. The former's total deposits in the beginning did not exceed $4,000 a year; and when he shipped furs abroad or made sales to local dealers, the books of the bank showed virtually the whole transaction. For example, entries like these were of frequent occurrence:

Cr J. J. Astor $33.00, proceeds drafts sale 40 muskrat, 4 bear, 3 deer and 12 mink skins.

Cr J. J. Astor $131, proceeds of draft on London for £26, 10s for sale of 87 otter skins, 46 mink and 30 beaver pelts.

The account of the thrifty furrier showed only the slightest variation during the last three years of the eighteenth century. In 1799, for example, the aggregate of his deposits for the year was no more than $4,011.

"But in 1801, Mr. Astor, your great-grandfather paid to Jacques Cartier 'in settlement to date'—*although the annual dealings between the two men had never previously exceeded five hundred dollars*—the unprecedented sum of five thousand."

"A circumstantial case! Nothing but a—"

"Would you like to see the figures? I have a photograph of them here."

Mr. Astor did not reply, but his hand left his mustache. He moved uneasily in his great carved chair.

"Five thousand dollars!" said Mr. Olmsted. "A lot of money for those simple days. To the woodsman it was a fortune. But from your standpoint, perhaps I should say our standpoint, it was a fortune well spent."

"You mean?"

"I mean that your great-grandfather's deposits in his Manhattan Company bank account jumped, *that same year*, to more than half a million dollars."

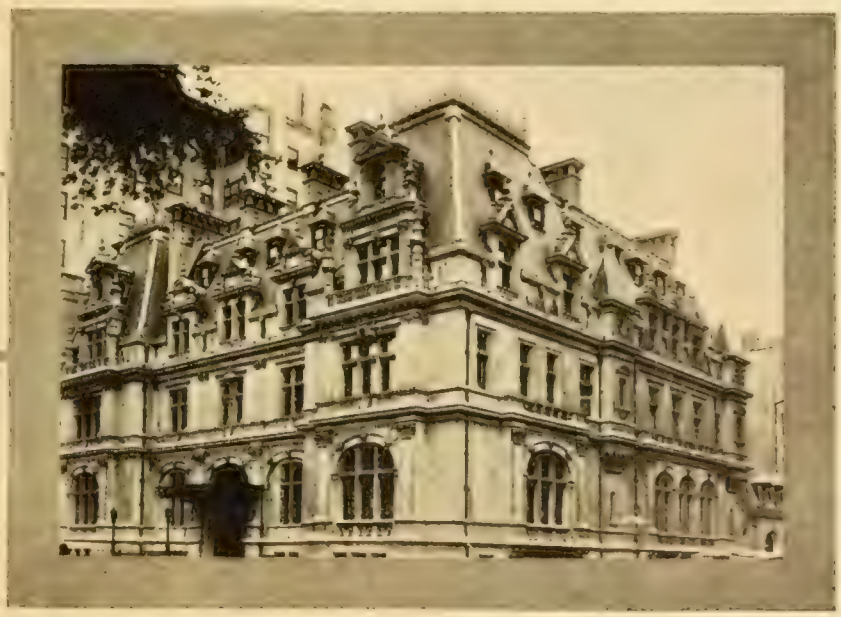
Mr. Astor made no rejoinder. He was enough of a business man to know that certain links in the chain were still lacking. It was unlikely that a court would sustain any such claim unless it had been proved that the actual box from the Olmsted estate had come into the personal possession of the founder of the Astor fortune.

"Mr. Olmsted," he said finally, "how about the box itself? I suppose you have lost sight of that completely."

"Not at all. I own the box."

"Now?"

"Yes, Mr. Astor. Would it interest you to see it?"



"That beautiful French château on upper Fifth Avenue" in which the regal Mrs. Astor held court.

"I would be interested to know where you found it."

"Figuratively speaking, I found it in your great-grandfather's attic."

"How interesting!"

It *was* interesting. To begin with, Mr. Olmsted had learned that the last house in which the original John Jacob Astor lived had been torn down as lately as the year 1893, to be replaced by a superb modern dwelling; and that the old building had been sold to a wrecking firm.

In the hope that the rusty box had been sold with the other rubbish about the premises, Mr. Olmsted inserted the following advertisement in the New York Tribune:

> A rusty iron box, strongly made and bolted, was by mistake sold in 1893 to a dealer in junk, supposedly in New York or Brooklyn. The dimensions were 15x30x15 inches. A person, for sentimental reasons, wishes to reclaim this box and will pay several times its value as scrap-iron. Address F. L., Box 74, New York Tribune.

Within a few days Mr. Olmsted received a letter from Mr. Bronson Beecher Tuttle of Naugatuck, Connecticut, an iron manufacturer, stating that in a car of scrap iron bought by him from Melchisedec Jacobs of Brooklyn was an iron box answering the description.

Further inquiry developed the fact that Melchisedec Jacobs, the Brooklyn junk dealer, had purchased the box in a large drayload of scrap iron from the wrecking firm of Jones & Company, who had taken such material from the family mansion occupied by the original John Jacob Astor at the time of his death.

Mr. Olmsted at once procured the box and shipped it to Deer Isle, where the bolts upon its bottom and the box itself were found to fit the print in the clay. The plaster cast of the bottom of the cavity, taken when it was first discovered, matched the bottom of the box perfectly.

ONE peculiarity of the box was that there had apparently been no way to open it except by cutting it apart. The top had been firmly riveted in place, and this possibly explained its purchase by Astor at the moderate price of five thousand dollars, as the trader had been unable to open it before his arrival in New York.

"It seems to me, Mr. Olmsted," said Mr. Astor, "that there are several things which you will never be able to prove. For one, you have told me nothing which shows that the box found on your estate, even if it was delivered, as you assume, to my great-grandfather, was ever the property of William Kidd. For all you really know about the box, it might have been the property of Morgan or Avery or Blackbeard."

"There was one thing about it, Mr. Astor, which would seem to preclude any such possibility. On the top of the box, distinguishable despite the heavy coating of rust, were scrawled—as if with a cold chisel or some similar instrument—two identifying marks."

"May I ask what they were?"

"Certainly. They were the initials W. K.!"

In next week's installment other bits of seeming evidence, even more startling and impressive, which Mr. Olmsted had unearthed, will be laid before the reader as they were before John Jacob Astor.

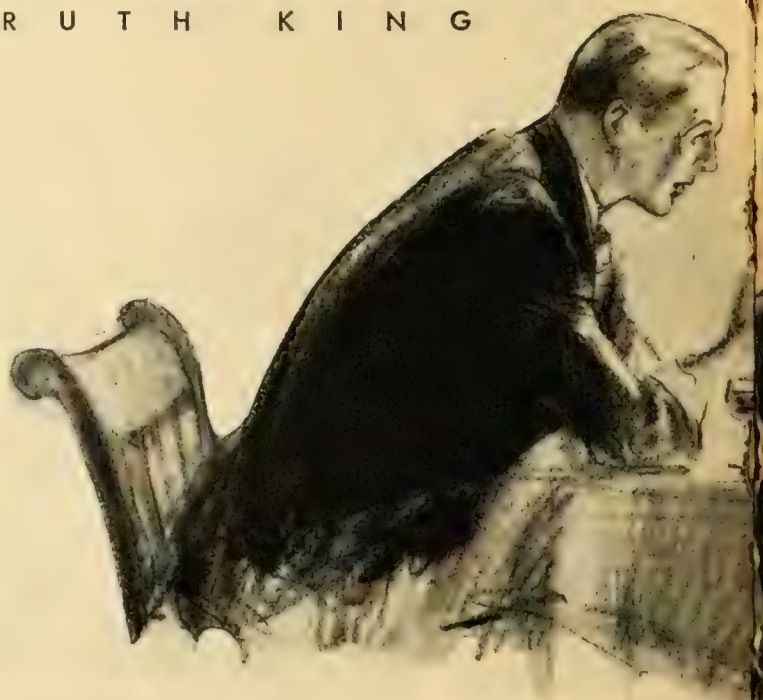
"How Are

(Reading time: 16 minutes 56 seconds.)

By

JAMES HOPPER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RUTH KING



A Story that Will M
Magic of L

FOR ten years I had been driving myself savagely. Living severely, submerged in my work. But today in spite of myself I was feeling my nerves relax. I was allowing myself a glance back along the past.

Beatrice Lovelace, of course, had been the cause of it all. In my last year at college I had come within the cyclone area of devastation of which Beatrice was the ambulatory center. It wasn't really Beatrice's fault, poor girl, that she was such a center. It simply happened that the Fates had endowed her with tender, trembling beauty—together with a glittering intelligence. Men ached with love for the tender, trembling beauty; and the glittering intelligence slipped it away from them.

I thus had ached, with many others—in the forefront, I had fancied, of many others. Until, one day, through the vulgar means of the daily newspaper, I learned that Beatrice, in Rome, had become the Princess Catuchemo e Viechho.

From the period of dolorous apathy that followed I had emerged, after a time, a new man. Departed forever was illusion. Nothing in life mattered except power and wealth. *And Success in One's Profession.*

Now, after ten years lived within the rigorous limits of these implacable conclusions, I decided with satisfaction that I had climbed an appreciable height.

For instance, for the first time in a decade I was finding myself in the news once more. Years ago it had been because of the accident which had given me legs like spiral springs, a body of India rubber, and a sentimental willingness to hurl, for a Cause, that India-rubber body into walls bristling with hard knees, knobby elbows, solid helmets, cleats, and sometimes teeth. This morning, junior partner of McCray and Parmentier, Architects, I was in the newspapers once more. Because of my designs for the Hobart Tower, which, said the clipping upon my desk, "showed at last the way toward a firmly *modern architecture, freed at last of moldering traditions,* yet æsthetically satisfying, in which the beauty derived directly from function."

I picked up the clipping, reread it, and thrilled. But now something strange happened. There came back to me the memory of the emotion that would fill me, years ago, when I'd read: "Shifty on his feet like a catamount, ferocious in bucks like a rhinoceros, light around the ends like a will-o'-the-wisp, Jim Parmentier once more today demonstrated himself as the gridiron's foremost figure as the Bears turned back the Indians, rolled them up in flour, tossed them on the hot griddle, and sent them back home frustrate."

This thrill over the firmly modern architecture and beauty strictly derived from function was, I saw, nothing *to that thrill once felt over "shifty like a catamount and* ferocious like a rhinoceros."

It was this very moment Miss Grant chose to say, "This has just come in; maybe you'd like to see it," and to hand me a large square envelope.

I took the large square envelope. When I drew from it a large stiff card, Miss Grant discreetly withdrew.

What the deuce! It was a printed menu. *Hors d'œuvres* and so on, it said. I looked a long time before I realized that the menu meant that my class at college, three thousand miles away, had celebrated the twelfth anniversary of their graduation (and mine) with a dinner. This was the menu of that dinner.

I noted that my classmates had partaken of a *potage printanier.* They had partaken of a saddle of lamb and *petits pois français* and *pommes soufflées.* And a *bombe vanille.* I set the card down on my desk and went back to work.

But there was something queer about that menu card. It kept pulling at me. I wasn't working well. Finally I took it up again, and saw that the back of it was covered with signatures.

I could visualize what had happened. One of those of God's strange creatures who are always leading you in yells you don't want to yell and songs you don't want to sing, at some moment had risen and had said, "Ladies and gentlemen."

"Ladies and gentlemen," he had said. "You must all recall, I am sure, that most distinguished member of our class, Jim Parmentier. Jim Parmentier, the gr-r-r-reatest quarterback that ever was at old U. C. He is not here tonight, Jim Parmentier, because he is in New York, erecting great skyscrapers to bring still more glory to old U. C. Ladies and gentlemen, let us send a greeting and a keepsake to dear old Jim Parmentier, t'

You, Jim?"

Dee rose gracefully but with decision, and said, "I'll bring in the coffee."

Believe in the First Sight

greatest quarterback that ever fought and bled for old U. C.!"

He had started this menu card around the table, and each diner had written upon it his or her name. And now I had the card and the names.

"Names!" I said disdainfully, and slapped the card back to the desk.

Not ten minutes later, however, I found myself with the card in my hands. And I was looking among the names on the back for something that I had but negligently observed the first time. It was true. Whereas all but one of the signatures were simply signatures, there was some one down the half of the third column who had added a greeting after his name. The name was Henry Marble.

"Marble? Marble?" I thought. I could remember Henry Marble.

But he had written a little message after his name. And I read it now.

I did not know I had read it aloud in the quiet office till I was startled by my own voice.

"How are you, Jim?" he had written.

It was strange how I had read it.

"How are you." Then a little stop. Then, "Jim?"

Tenderly, "Jim?"

"Bosh!" I thought and went back to work.

But this was proving a misspent day. I was not concentrating on that tower for Grace & Co., packers. At first I had put the telephone book on the menu card. Then I had further smothered it under the directory. Then I had shut it up in my desk's top drawer.

To no avail. "How are you," I kept hearing—"Jim?"

THE singular obsession was still with me the next day, and the next. In my office, as I tried to work, I was constantly being disturbed.

"How are you, Jim?"

What's become of you? What have you done with yourself? How is your soul, Jim?

"Hell!" I'd growl, disturbed and angry.

Not only was I working fitfully, but my very attitude toward my work was being undermined.

Frivolous whimsies were in my mind. The time was near for my yearly three-weeks vacation. Always I spent it fishing on Prince Edward Island, the semifrigid and invigorating climate of which sent me back to my serious pursuit of success all tightened up again like a restrung racket. But now I was catching myself dreaming of the dissolving suave breezes, the enervating orange-blossom perfume of the sunny Far Western land of my youth.

I'd pick up that menu card, I'd squint at the "Henry Marble" and the "How are you, Jim?" How could it be that little strokes of ink on paper, by a man I could not remember, should have such an effect on me?

I was beginning to remember him, though. He belonged to the tribe of the Anonymous who had swirled vaguely about me in my college days of gridiron glory. I could recall, dimly, his kindly face, his gentle brown eyes.

Harry Marble. I had once squelched him, I now remembered.

I had been on a train going to the city. He had come

Later I caught her in the wild lush garden.

along the aisle and taken the vacant seat next to mine. After a while, shyly, in a mistaken effort to please me I suppose, he had begun to speak of the team and its chances in the big game. It was toward the fag-end of the season; I was trained down overfine. Suddenly I had exploded in a temperamental tantrum. "Look here," I had said brutally. "Don't you think I get enough football on the field? Without having to talk about it to every Tom, Dick, and Harry in my spare time?"

Yes, I remembered now. I had done that!

And suddenly in that recollection I saw an explanation of what was now happening to me. The obsession of that small phrase written on a menu card.

"It's your subconscious, old man," I said to myself wisely. "Away inside of you, all of this time, you have been carrying remorse. Over the way you treated that harmless boy years ago.

"Gee!" I thought. "You're still like that, Parmentier. For ten years I've been making you hard, and you're still mushy inside!"

A further suspicion came to me. "Yes, and those vacation whimsies! The sun-drenched land of your youth instead of fiber-tightening Prince Edward and fishing in the cold rain. That's part of the same thing. The plot is to get you back there. Not to apologize—but to be nice to him because you weren't nice to him years ago!

"You're not going back there," I said to myself. "You're going to put in two good weeks' hard work on the Grace & Co. project. Then you pack off for Prince Edward and the mists and the fogs."

At the end of the two weeks, although to the last minute I was resolutely stuffing rubber boots and slickers and mackintoshes and heavy wool socks and fishing rods into my luggage—yet when I finally found myself on the train, it wasn't a train going north toward Prince Edward, but a train going west.

I was full of reasons as I slid westward. After all, one should not allow one's self to be unrooted altogether. And there was pretty good fishing out there. In the Sierras.

And of late there had evolved out there a type of domestic architecture of which no architect should be ignorant. Then there was Aunt Rebecca. Dear old Aunt Rebecca! I had not seen her for fifteen years.

But all the time I knew that I was on this train going west because of the compulsion of a little phrase written, probably carelessly, on a menu card. I'd had moments of anger.

"YOU don't own yourself at all," I'd say to myself. "You drift here and there, are wafted hither and yon, according to what people write on the backs of menu cards!"

I would try to avenge myself on the dim Harry Marble by making him a grocer in my mind. I don't know why this avenged me; but industriously I visualized him, paunchy under a linen apron, weighing out bananas and spinach and cheese. All the way across I was doing this.

I had not been in the town of my youth an hour before I found myself studying a telephone book. Harry Marble was not a grocer; he was a judge. Superior Court Judge Henry C. Marble.

I called on him. A little heaviness had come upon him; there was a slight graying at the temples. But he had still the gentle brown eyes I remembered, and the same gentle manner touched with shyness. We looked at each other a long moment before he suddenly cried, "Jim Parmentier! Jim Parmentier! By Jove, it's good to see you again! In town long? How are you, Jim?"

And I found myself suffering with an absurd disappointment. "How are you, Jim?" He hadn't said it right—not as I had read it on the back of the menu card. Sincerely, yes; but—without, at all, that inflection which made of the simple words a communication.

We sank into big leather chairs; we talked. He drew a box of cigars from a drawer of his desk. We smoked and talked. Of old days. A little of what we had been doing since. We did not go in too deep. "I've had one sorrow," he admitted. "Maysie—my wife—she died—three years ago."

So that, after he had invited me to dinner and I had accepted, I wondered a little. Was I being invited to a bachelor establishment? In my mind sprang a picture of a soft-footed, slant-eyed Oriental valet caring for a lone man.

He had said, "At seven," and at seven I stood in the doorway of an old-fashioned house in a wild lush garden. I pulled at the bell and waited for the slant-eyed, soft-footed Oriental.

Instead, a girl opened the door.

She had Marble's brown eyes, but with a lot of gold fused in them. Her hair, parted at one side, swept across a smooth white brow. "Oh!" she said. "Oh, you are J—J— You are Mr. Parmentier!"

I was familiar with the cordiality of Western greeting, but I had seldom met anything so delightfully caressing to the soul as those two little "Ohs" and the little catch of breath that had gone with each. And now she was looking at me a bit like a child who had been promised a toy, and the toy has come, and the child is inspecting it.

"Yes; I am Jim [illegible] *(Continued on page sixteen)*

This set—*by actual count*—picked up 39 foreign and 171 domestic stations

What will this radio get? 39 foreign stations: 41 police calls: 7 aircraft stations: 23 American short wave stations and 100 standard broadcasts.

Here is our finest World-Wide Radio . RCA Victor Model 140. Table model, handsome design—complete with RCA Radiotrons . . . $92.50

It's a new RCA Victor Globe Trotter World-Wide Radio . . . on which you can get the same fascinating programs.

IS there anything more fascinating than foreign travel? The lure of far away lands thrills everyone. Now, you—by the miracle of World-Wide radio—can travel around the globe at will. Let's see what a day offers . . .

You can drop in on gay Paris . . . with its night clubs, sidewalk cafes, opera and museums. Then, on to Berlin. Hear the martial music of a military band. Now comes a political speaker, or delightful operatic music. Next . . . it's time to roam to Rome. Italy's rich heritage of music manifests itself in a dozen delightful programs. Perhaps the Pope addresses the faithful throughout the world. Or Mussolini speaks. Now, on you go . . . to the other end of the world. To Sydney, Australia. Here's that station using the startling cry of the "Kookaburra" bird as a signature. Perhaps you'll want to linger a while "way down under" in Australia!

But, faster than it takes to tell it, you travel back to New York. The Great White Way, blazing in lights, cheerful with laughter, aglow with rhythm, calls. You've traveled around the world in just a few hours!

Does this sound unbelievable? It's true. The new RCA Victor World-Wide Radio you see above is the instrument that brings you this amazing new entertainment.

This set has, by actual checked count, picked up clearly and with sufficient volume, more than 39 foreign stations and 171 domestic stations (which include airplane, police and amateur signals). Here is a set which performs the way it should! Remember, when reception from abroad may not always be available because of variation of time, or because of atmospheric conditions, you still can enjoy domestic broadcasts.

The RCA Victor World-Wide Radio is a set made with all the masterful skill of "Radio Headquarters". It comes as a result of long experimentation, careful study. It is right! See one . . . get one at your RCA Victor dealer's today. With it an *entire world* of entertainment opens up before you. *There are other RCA Victor World-Wide Radios from* $54.50

Here's the "World Dial" that brings you everything

On this full-vision airplane type dial, extra large in size . . . are marked the four broadcast bands that bring you all the radioranges, short wave and standard. On its face is a miniature map of the world, symbolic of "His Master's Voice" around the globe.

Prices subject to change without notice.

RCA VICTOR *World-Wide* Radio

RCA VICTOR COMPANY, INC., Camden, N. J. • "Radio Headquarters" • A Radio Corporation of America Subsidiary

(Continued from page fourteen) Parmentier," I said. And then we stood there, silent, in a sort of maze.

"But come in!" she cried suddenly, in a voice of gay excitement. "Come in, Jim Parmentier!"

She was going in before me. She was light as a flame. She sat near me in the drawing-room. Her chair was as high as mine, but somehow she gave the impression of sitting lower, almost at my feet, awaiting the words of a very big man. What the big man said was, "You are—"

"Harry's sister Dorothy, called Dee. And," she said, "I have bad news for you. Harry is delayed. Dinner won't be till eight. And," she went on—she had a singing voice—"it's Maria's night out and I am cooking the dinner. I'll have to run into the kitchen now and then. As, for instance, at this very moment," she said.

Out she flashed. And thus we spent the hour. She would drop in, she would sit at my feet (she was not really at my feet, but it felt like it), and we'd talk, and then she'd flash out again. I don't remember what we said. There was an excitement in me that made all words shine; and everything she said stirred me with tenderness. We need not be brilliant; every now and then we'd be laughing together, madly, over nothing at all. And laughing thus together madly over nothing at all, we felt that we two of all the world were best and most sweetly and merrily attuned, and we'd feel a bit sorry for that poor old world.

On one of her flights I followed her into the kitchen. Things steamed, things crackled, savory odors mingled, and she stood there in the middle of it like a little fairy, and all this steaming and crackling and odor-mingling seemed to be going on from mere love of her. I had never liked a kitchen as I did this one.

Finally Harry came—slow, gentle Harry — and we sat down to dinner. He was to my left, and she was across from me. It was a lovely meal, but I didn't know what I was eating. Harry was talking of old times, but I didn't know what he was saying. My eyes kept going across the table—to meet halfway there and tangle up with Dee's. Each of us was trying to look at the other when the other was not looking; each of us each time would be caught—without embarrassing either of us overmuch. And the glances that met thus above the saddle of lamb (by Jove, it was a saddle of lamb!) and the potatoes and the peas (they *were* potatoes and peas!) were charged with a gay approval of each other.

THERE was no serving maid. Every now and then Dee vanished through the swinging door of the kitchen; and until she returned, rolling the service table, the lights seemed dim and Harry's reminiscences very heavy.

There was wine on the table. Harry had himself brought up the bottles from the cellar—his best, he modestly said, for this best of occasions—and through the dinner had been quietly enjoying himself, and by the time we reached dessert had reached a stage of mild indiscretion. He went silent, smiling to himself. He threw at his sister a teasing look, and she sent back to him a little frown that meant to intimidate. But he was warm with the audacity of the grape. "See Dee over there?" he said to me with heavy roguishness. "She's one of your oldest and most stanch and most enthusiastic admirers, is Dee!"

She was shaking her head at him in a little vehement movement that hopelessly tried to subjugate him while remaining imperceptible to me. But he was now full of the stubbornness which a little wine gives to certain very gentle natures.

"Yes! When she was a little girl I used to take her to all the games. And often to practice, too. And of all those leather-armored heroes that made the earth tremble out there, it was on you her girlish heart was set."

"Harry!" she said, low and vibrantly.

BUT he was having a good time. "Jim," he said, "I've often wondered how much of your celebrity was really due to that yellow mop of yours. You wore no helmet. It drew the eyes, that yellow mop; it seemed to be all over the field at once. Dee's eyes were always on it. Probably it wasn't just yellow to her. Probably it waved like Navarre's plume and was a torch of flaming gold. She used to keep a picture of you on her dresser, Jim."

Dee rose gracefully but with absolute decision, and said, "I'll bring in the coffee," and was gone.

Harry, sagging a little in his chair, was chuckling, although into the confidence of his manner a slight apprehension was stealing.

"It's true, what I said," he whispered. "You were her hero when she was a kid. *Really* you were," he added as though the fact were extraordinary enough to need this added emphasis. "And she had your picture on her dresser, too. She did. We used to tease her about it. And she's still a fan. I take her to all the football games. And to dinners and reunions and things. I took her to our last class reunion. The twelfth, you know."

"I know," I said. "You sent me a menu card of that dinner. With all your names written on the back."

"That's right. We passed the card around the table and each one wrote his name on it."

"I got it, Harry. And your message. It — touched me, Harry!"

"Oh, yes! The message. What message? I didn't send any message, Jim."

After a moment, "Who sat to your right, Harry?" I asked.

"Dee," he said.

Dee was coming in now, wheeling the service tray before her.

Aloof and a little dreamy she remained as we sipped our coffee and the meal ended. But later, under the moon, I caught her in the wild lush garden. "Say 'How are you, Jim?'" I commanded, holding both her elbows against her pliant waist.

"No!" she said.

"Say 'How are you, Jim?'"

"How are you, Jim?"

Ah, there it was! The inflection that had so poignantly haunted me. How are you, Jim? Tranquil and low, yet with something a little piercing in it. As of two who are one quietly passing the word in an uproar of a hurly-burly world.

"*You* wrote it!" I cried. "On the menu card."

"Yes. And now, How *are* you, Jim?"

"Happy and happy and happy and happy! Crazy, Dee. In love— And if any one tells you that success in one's profession is happiness, Dee, tell them they're idiots!"

Strangely enough, at that moment Beatrice Lovelace came into my mind. My mind was ringing with her name. "Thanks and thanks and thanks and thanks," my mind was loudly shouting. "Oh, thanks for not marrying me ten years ago, Beatrice Lovelace, Princess Catuchemo e Viechho!"

THE END

Next Week—

Beginning

DESTROYER

By

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A novel of love deeper than the sea

THE BRAIN TRUST

By

H. L. Mencken

Will it do better today than it has in the past?—An eminent idol-smasher sits and wonders

Also stories and articles by Leland Jamieson—Anna Roosevelt Dall—Mary Richart—Quentin Reynolds, and others

IF WASHINGTON Had Been KING

Who Would Wear His Crown Today? —A Thought-Provoking Picture of the Monarchy That Might Have Been

By

WILL IRWIN

(Reading time: 16 minutes 30 seconds.)

LET us begin by imagining George Washington as he sat one morning in his headquarters at Newburgh, New York, attending to his morning mail. It was May, 1782, seven months since Yorktown, and the year before Adams and Franklin signed in Europe the treaty securing our full independence. Washington was not yet Father of His Country because the country was not yet born.

Let me presume to say what was simmering in the back of his mind—that morning and every morning. We had our country to ourselves at last. What were we going to do with it? Just outside of his door lay the problem of his discontented army, shouting "When do we eat?" It was hungry, it was ragged. It wanted to go home, and failing that, it wanted its pay. Its murmurs against the Continental Congress, which held the strings of an empty purse, were rising to shouts. And as Washington looked across the army to the country itself, he could see only confusion—almost anarchy. Men were trying to resume business on depreciated Continental currency, complicated with thirteen other varieties of rubber money.

As for statesmanship and politics, no one seemed to know where he was heading. There was much vague republican sentiment—yes. But there was no modern pattern to go by; no republic for a model. Besides, one had to face the problem of the thirteen separate colonies. And of late he had been hearing certain hints which he pretended to ignore but which he understood fully. There were those who believed that what we needed was a king, with a court, a nobility, and the usual trimmings. As for the identity of the king—that too he quite understood. Whenever an officer or a visiting politician began approaching a certain subject, he had to fall back upon his inscrutable dignity.

With this situation in mind, Washington picked up a letter from the stack on his writing table. And what he did next we do not know. But we can guess. Washington may not have prayed at Valley Forge, but almost certainly he cursed at Monmouth. When his naturally hot temper burned through his native breeding and acquired self-control, he could swear like the trooper he was. We may conjecture that he so expressed himself as to make the pigtails of his military secretaries stick out backward with sheer horror.

For there it was, out in the open. The aristocratic Colonel Lewis Nicola had set it all down. What we needed, he said in essence, was a strong central government; moreover, we needed it at once. Washington was the only man who could give us such a government. He had the army behind him. Let him seize the reins of government and drive alone. And finally let him not shy off from "the title of king."

Washington sat down and replied in his own hand. The letter hangs now in the Congressional Library at Washington. There are jerks in his legible, comely, careful penmanship, indicating that he may have let out a swear word or so even as he wrote. It is by far the most intemperate of his existing letters. Colonel Nicola's communication is "an address which seems big with the greatest mischiefs that could befall my country." As for the

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOB DEAN

His army was hungry, it was ragged. It wanted to go home, wanted its pay.

colonel's action—"I must view with abhorrence and reprehend with severity. . . . Never communicate, as from yourself or anyone else, a sentiment of like nature."

The story got abroad — probably not by accident. Washington had spoken. The heat of his remarks blighted the American royalist movement in the bud.

If Washington had at that moment yielded to the natural human greed for power and glory, almost certainly he could have pulled it off. He need not have called himself king at first. Having abolished the existing government and governments by force, he could have adopted some half-republican title until he solidified his rule—and then assumed the crown. If he had chosen to make this country a kingdom, he would probably have followed that British model under which the colonists had lived until 1776—a king as executive, with a hereditary House of Lords and a popularly elected House of Commons. In place of a Presidential inauguration every four years we should have every twenty or thirty years a coronation with trimmings of ermine robes, gilded state coaches, blaring trumpets, and fountains running beer!

The monarchy, and equally the nobility, would have been hereditary, of course. Who would wear the crown today? Who, by the grace of God, would be King of these United States? Killing the suspense at once, either Thornton A. Washington of Garden City, Missouri, or John Augustine Washington of Logan, West Virginia. For the question of the Washington succession is at this moment tangled and obscure. Translating the affair into kingly terms, the old king, who may have been a usurper, is dead of late; and two claimants, each with his following, have risen.

When his temper burned through, he could swear like a trooper.

BEFORE I go on to describe this singular situation, and before I reveal just who would be our great hereditary nobles, it will be necessary to go back to the eighteenth century and discuss the Society of the Cincinnati—popularly but erroneously known as the Order of the Cincinnati.

When in 1782 Washington refused the crown, the idea of this society was taking form. It was to be a close fraternity of officers who had fought in the Continental army and in the French army supporting it. Militia officers were excluded. And it was to exist for all time, each membership passing from father to oldest son or to the nearest surviving male relative. This, notice, was exactly the plan by which Great Britain passed on its titles of nobility and selected its House of Lords. So the Society could never increase in numbers; rather, it was bound to decrease. It is living and flourishing yet.

General Henry Knox of Massachusetts germinated this idea and brought it to fruition. In May, 1783, a year after George Washington spurned the crown, the Continental army disbanded. By now, Knox had sold his idea to the whole corps of officers. On the eve of their translation to civil life, he gathered them into the Verplanck mansion at Fishkill Landing, where they organized. Already Knox had named the Society after Cincinnatus, the legendary old Roman farmer who left the plow to lead the Roman armies. The Cincinnati adopted a constitution embalming the hereditary feature and elected Washington president-general.

The French brothers in arms organized their own branch of the Society. Major L'Enfant, the Franco-American engineer and artist who afterward laid out the city of Washington, designed the official insignium or decoration. And finally, after the French went home, Admiral d'Estang of the French navy sent to Washington that diamond-studded decoration of the Cincinnati which, passed on from president-general to president-general, is now our most precious piece of historical jewelry.

AND then a storm broke. The rank and file of the disbanded army carried the news to every corner of the country. In the year since Washington cleared the air, public opinion had been moving fast toward the republican ideal. A hereditary society, an artificially created aristocracy—that smelled of royalty. Judge Ædanus Burke of the South Carolina Supreme Court opened the battle with a heavy gun—a pamphlet wherein he charged that the hereditary clause was a veiled attempt to create a nobility and a king. Editors sharpened their quill pens and stabbed the order to the heart. Benjamin Franklin blasted it with his wit. John Adams slugged it with his heavy rhetoric. Thomas Jefferson joined the cry. The Society of the Cincinnati had suddenly become as unpopular as a German propagandist in 1918.

Obviously the hereditary membership was the feature which stuck in the craw of patriots. Doubtless Washington pulled a few wires. For in 1784, the triennial meeting of the Society, "at Washington's request," so amended its constitution as to abolish this hereditary principle and let the Society die with the death of its last member. The hue and cry stopped as suddenly as it had begun.

But at that convention the boys had introduced a joker. To become binding, the amendment must be ratified by the state chapters. Quietly most of these chapters failed to ratify; as quietly, they went ahead choosing new members, when the old ones died out, on the hereditary principle. But the Society learned a lesson which it has never forgotten. While *(Continued on page twenty)*

Put An End To Night-Time Tossing . . . Do This And

Get 8 Hours Sound Sleep Tonight

. . . Feel Like a Totally Different Person Tomorrow

For the sake of your health, your nerves, adopt this natural, drugless way to get to sleep quickly at night . . . a way that greatly heightens energy and pep the following day

Now there is a simple, drugless way to put an end to sleepless nights. You fall asleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. And sleep all night as peacefully as a child.

IF you toss and turn when you go to bed at night—if wakeful nerves keep you from getting your *full* 8 hours of sleep—here's news that is important.

For science has now found an amazingly simple way to make poor sleepers get to *sleep!* . . . A way that not only brings sound sleep almost as soon as your head touches the pillow. But also greatly improves the *quality* of sleep.

A Remarkable Discovery

It is not a drug or a medicine—it does not remotely resemble either one. But is a delicious food-drink you take with warm milk just before going to bed.

Almost at once, you begin to feel relaxed. You fall asleep as effortlessly as a child. And sleep your full 8 hours more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning, you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with abundant new energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

For this remarkable food-drink contains natural elements to fortify your vital reserve. And greatly increases your ability to recover from fatigue.

Thus your come-back is much faster—your "staying powers" are heightened and multiplied.

How It Acts

This unique food-drink is called Ovaltine—first developed in Switzerland and now made over here. And it acts 3 ways to help combat the causes of inability to sleep.

First: Ovaltine, when taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, over a period of time, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Try It Tonight

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it* and see for yourself how much more quickly you fall asleep—how much more *completely* you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe how it restores your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. Note how much more easily you recover from fatigue—how much more vitality you possess.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk and drink it before going to bed tonight.

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. See how much fresher you feel—and how different the whole world looks when you've had your full 8 hours of sound, refreshing sleep.

(If you wish to try Ovaltine before purchasing, send the coupon for the trial supply that's publicly offered here.)

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial package of Ovaltine

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Print name and address

Address.....

City..... State.....

(One package to a person)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

(Continued from page eighteen) it inculcates patriotism and the spirit of public servic. among its members, it has never taken any stand on public questions. The New York chapter is not chartered even to this day.

But the Virginia chapter behaved after the loyal and original Virginian fashion. The Society of the Cincinnati was embarrassing to Washington, the favorite son, and hateful to Jefferson, next favored. Wherefore they performed a heroic act of self-sacrifice by disbanding. In 1890, more than a century later, this chapter was revived. Expert genealogists identified the heirs to membership. And now the quest for our hypothetical rightful monarch begins to look easy. One has only to find who holds George Washington's membership today. But unhappily genealogists are only human. They make mistakes.

Washington, as every one knows, had no children. The membership must go to a "collateral" line. Now in the 1890s there flourished an agreeable young man of polished manners named William Lanier Washington. Through the marriage of cousins, he descended by two lines from George Washington's brothers. The Virginia chapter of the Cincinnati conferred the Washington membership upon him. He died last year, leaving no children. And now it appears that he was not the rightful heir.

The Virginia chapter has not yet chosen his successor. I cannot predict what they will do. But I have myself spent days and nights digging among the Washington family records as carefully preserved by Congressman Sol Bloom of the Washington Bicentenary Commission. And I cannot escape the conclusion that the claim lies between the two men aforementioned—King Thornton II, who has his place at Garden City, Missouri, and King John Augustine IV, whose seat of power lies at Logan, West Virginia. Let me state their claims, and let the reader take his choice.

Born lawyers would doubtless favor the candidacy of Thornton II. From a strictly legal point of view it seems unassailable. At all events, Thornton A. Washington (Thornton II, being the second heir in his line to bear the name) is seventy-nine years old and lives in retirement.

A WORD of caution here. If these lines move any reader to go royalist, he will have to begin by selling the idea to his rightful monarch. During the Washington Bicentenary, the Kiwanis Club of Garden City learned about Mr. Washington's title to royal honors and persuaded him to address them at luncheon. "I would rather be a real, patriotic American standing in a bread line in these troublesome times than belong to a line of kings extending back to Solomon," said His Majesty Thornton II to the Kiwanis Club.

Now for human probability. George Washington did not approve of his elder brother Samuel; perhaps did not even like him. The terms of George Washington's will as regards Thornton, Samuel's grandson and heir (and great-grandfather of the present-day Thornton A. Washington), indicate that he still cherished resentment against that branch of his family. And he had close at hand a relative who would decorate any throne. Judge Bushrod Washington, his nephew, had proved so eminent in the law that eventually, through his own merits, he sat with our first Supreme Court. And George Washington showed what he would have done about the royal succession by leaving him the cherished estate at Mount Vernon.

He, I think, would have been inevitably our second king—Bushrod I. He left no children; but the estate went on to that member of the family who would have inherited the crown legally—his senior nephew, who becomes in our royal line John Augustine I. Following this line down, we come to the descendant who lives at Logan, West Virginia, and who as king would be John Augustine IV. Up with King John, and death to all pretenders!

SO, having settled the problem of the king, we come to the nobility. There we have to assume a few things. First, Washington would have bestowed titles most generously on those greater officers who supported him. Second, he would probably have followed the British plan, wherein the rank of the exalted rises from plain lord through viscount, earl, and marquis up to duke—the last being the highest title short of royalty itself. And these titled persons would have constituted the House of Lords, with powers equivalent to those of our Senate. You have only to find who was really who in the corps of Continental officers, and then find who holds the corresponding membership in the Society of the Cincinnati today.

And as one scans that list of membership in search of dukes an extraordinary fact emerges. The Society, beginning with 2,065 members in 1783, had by 1933 shrunk to 1,300, owing to the dying out of lines. Only 1,300; and yet the present Society includes one recently retired member of the Supreme Court, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and one active member, James Clark McReynolds. In recent years it has boasted three United States senators: Chauncey M. Depew of New York, John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, and Blair Lee of Maryland. To the House it has sent, among others, Perry Belmont of Rhode Island and Phillips Hill of Missouri; to the Cabinet Frank L. Polk. At least one governor, J. C. B. Ehringhaus of North Carolina, is a member.

Able soldiers and sailors are numerous. For examples, in the army there are Major General Henry T. Allen, who commanded our troops on the Rhine; Major General Hugh L. Scott, our soldier diplomat with Indians and Mexicans; Major General Lytle Brown, as able a chief of engineers as the army ever knew; and Brigadier General Gordon Graham Heiner, artillery expert in the World War. Among full, vice, or rear admirals living or recently dead are Cameron Winslow, Hilary P. Jones, E. A. Anderson, and Roger Welles.

In religion, the Society claims James De Wolf Perry of Rhode Island, presiding bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and the late James Henry Darlington,

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"True Temperance" in the Eighteenth Century—A Memento of the Time When Washington Might Have Been King

Apl. 23, 1787.

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT made this twelveth day of April Anno Domini one thousand seven hundred and eighty-seven by & between George Washington Esq. of the Parish of Truro in the County of Fairfax, State of Virginia, on the one part, and Philip Bater, Gardner, on the other WITNESS, that the said Philip Bater, for & in consideration of the covenants herein, hereafter, mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the sd. George Washington, for the term of one year, as a Gardner, and that he will, during said time, conduct himself soberly, diligently & honestly—that he will faithfully & industriously perform all & every part of his duty as a Gardner to the best of his knowledge & abilities, and that he will not, at any time, suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on the times hereafter mentioned.

IN CONSIDERATION of these things being well & truly performed on the part of the sd. Philip Bater, the said George Washington doth agree to allow him (the sd. Philip) the same kind and quantity of provisions as he has heretofore had; and likewise, annually, a decent suit of clothes befitting a man in his Station; to consist of a Coat, Vest & breeches;—a working Jacket & breeches, of homespun, besides;—two white Shirts;—three Check Do.;—two pair of yarn Stockings;—two pair of thread Do.;—two linnen Pocket handkerchiefs;—two pair linnen overalls;—as many pair of Shoes as are actually necessary for him;—four Dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk 4 days & 4 nights;—two Dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose;—two Dollars also at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days;—a Dram in the morning, & a drink of Grog at Dinner or at noon.

For the true & faithful performance of all & each of these things the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April Anno Domini 1787.

Witness

GEO. A. WASHINGTON
TOBIAS LEAR

his
PHILIP x BATER
MARK

GO. WASHINGTON

Bishop of Harrisburg of the same denomination. Peter Augustus Jay, once ambassador to the Argentine, represented it in diplomacy "of career." In science, it has Dr. William Holland Wilmer, eminent authority on the eye at Johns Hopkins, and Ulric Dahlgren, biologist; in scholarship, De la Warr Benjamin Easter, dean of Washington and Lee University; in engineering, James Clark McGuire, and William Hubert Burr who built the George Washington Bridge across the Hudson.

The talent has even broken over into the arts. Many would call Cass Gilbert our most eminent American architect; others might claim this honor for Charles A. Coolidge. Both belong to the Cincinnati. So did Gamaliel Bradford, the biographer.

Nor is this a complete list. In short, no other group of 1,300 Americans chosen on any basis except achievement could show such a galaxy of talent and genius.

But none of the eminent Americans mentioned above would hold the great old titles. These would belong to several pleasant gentlemen unknown to fame. They might be good at the job, nevertheless. And at worst they might represent us better in the House of Lords than Huey Long does in the Senate.

Let us begin with General Nathanael Greene. In his time, as in our time, military critics called him second only to Washington as a general. He was certainly good for a dukedom. Grateful Georgia gave him that great plantation on the outskirts of Savannah where he died prematurely of sunstroke. And so an agreeable gentleman who lives now under the alias of Mr. George W. G. Carpenter is really the rightful Duke of Savannah.

The chief representative of the Pinckneys of Charleston in the Colonial army was Colonel Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. Give him the rank of earl, at lowest. And so he who now figures in the Social Register as Mr. William Haskell Pinckney might be William, Earl of Charleston.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON of New York would have fitted perfectly into the monarchist scheme; would have gone on to the highest title. And so the Rev. Alexander Hamilton, a benevolent, public-spirited, and beloved clergyman of New York, would have been in these times Duke of Manhattan. He died a few years ago and his eldest son—the young duke—is awaiting his majority to assume the Hamilton membership in the Society of the Cincinnati.

There's another certain dukedom in New York State. Nicholas Fish charged side by side with his bosom friend Hamilton against the last breastworks of Yorktown. When, a few years later, it looked as though we must fight France, Washington as President appointed him to supreme command of our armies. His membership in the Cincinnati went down through a line distinguished in statesmanship and diplomacy until now it resides in Hamilton Fish, banker. Nicholas Fish owned at Garrison, opposite West Point, an estate which was passed intact to the contemporary Fish family. Hamilton Fish, therefore, would be Duke of Garrison. The heir apparent to this title is Hamilton Fish, Junior—all-time all-America tackle, soldier who fears naught but communist plots, Republican congressman. These great nobles usually keep somewhere about the place a subsidiary title for use of their eldest sons. Selecting a historic place-name from the environs of Garrison, I nominate Hamilton Fish, Jr., M. C., for Viscount Hudson.

Finally, for good reasons too complex to set down here, I hold that the eminent Gamaliel Bradford would have been Lord Cambridge.

THESE are samples of our older and prouder nobility. If you wish to exercise your fancy still further, consider who might be our upstart nobility. In England, the king, on his birthday, creates a peer or two from commoners who have been unusually successful in politics or finance. Every young British politician has a choice of two roads upward - to remain in the House of Commons as a plain "Mr.," or to rise, when the time comes, to the House of Lords. Mr. Stanley Baldwin, recent Prime Minister of Great Britain, has chosen the former course, while Herbert Asquith, who headed the British Parliament when the World War began, died Earl of Oxford.

Clay, Calhoun, Webster, Blaine, Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt—which of these eminent statesmen would have remained mere commoners and which would have won and accepted the ermine? Webster seems a certainty for noble honors; some Mr. Webster of Massachusetts would now be Lord Marshfield. The elder J. Pierpont Morgan would never have stopped short of an earldom. Let us call his son and namesake Earl of Hartford, after the family "seat." As for Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, it is probable that the boy in him could not have resisted a title. Let's call him, after his famous estate on Long Island, Earl of Oysterby. And today when the natives of New York City had occasion to mention Theodore Roosevelt the Second, late Governor of the Philippines, they would refer to him as Oil of Erste'by.

Finally, the Earls of Oysterby have a family of cousins, aristocrats but untitled commoners, who live at a place called Hyde Park. Among them is young Franklin Delano Roosevelt, who has dodged those birthday knighthoods, and peerages. As Mr. Roosevelt, he has risen to be Prime Minister of the kingdom, which is as high as a subject can go. He is running the country while we wait to see which claimant will occupy the venerable throne of King George Washington!

THE END

Toss, toss, toss for feverish hours—staring into black space with aching eyes — struggling for sleep that will not come. Try this blessed relief. Smooth a palmful of Absorbine Jr. on the back of the neck in slow firm strokes. Then take the word of nine out of ten who write us about it —you'll slip away to restful slumber.

ABSORBINE JR.

For years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, "Athlete's Foot"

At all druggists, $1.25. Write for a sample—free. W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Why I Have Kept Silent for Two Years

(Reading time: 7 minutes 20 seconds.)

FOR the past two years I have not talked for publication. I have given out no interviews.

The result, according to popular belief, has been that I turned into a sphinx, that I became " high hat," or that I was perpetrating a publicity stunt.

In Hollywood the moment a motion-picture star declines to talk for publication she becomes an enigma; she is under suspicion. It just doesn't seem reasonable or natural for her to seek quietude as long as there are presses waiting to print her deathless comments.

It is perhaps flattering to any actress, stage or screen, to be persuaded that her views on anything and everything, from radishes to relativity, should have a cosmic significance. But personally I find this all a bit bewildering and slightly removed from certain ideas I cherish about what constitutes an actress's job.

I believe the only views the public is interested in having me expound are those expressed by the characters which I interpret. Somehow I feel the public is content to accept me as an actress, and does not expect me, in addition, to be a crusader, a propagandist, or even a politician.

I also feel that an actress is under something of an obligation to try to preserve the illusion of the profession — that definite yet intangible something which surrounds the theater and screen and lends them glamour.

And I don't think she can succeed in this if she becomes too familiar a figure in the social or civic world, or in the press. For the motion-picture star this is particularly difficult. The broad horizon of the films keeps her forever in the public eye.

Something happened to me in the early part of my stage career which brought home the importance of a player's sustaining illusion at all times, of never confusing the personal with the professional. It was during the run of the play Tarnish, a New York success.

I had received word that some one I loved almost better than anybody in the world had died suddenly. I carried my personal emotions into the theater that night and, without realizing it, poured them into the character I was interpreting. The rôle was a very dramatic one and served as a liberation for my pent-up feelings, my flood of real tears of sorrow.

ONE would think that so much true realism would have torn the hearts of the audience to shreds. After all, this grief was the real thing. Well—it left them absolutely cold, untouched. Some time later I discussed the occurrence with my good friend Jasper Deeter, who is responsible for my acting career. He said:

" Ann, you must never repeat what you did that night. You played yourself instead of the character. Your audience did not respond because they are not interested in you personally when you are on the stage. They are only interested in the character you are interpreting. You brought them *reality* instead of the *semblance of the real.* You destroyed the illusion of the rôle when you projected yourself into the scene."

Since then I have trained myself to separate my identities—the personal and the professional.

My formative years were spent close to the discipline which regulates the life of the soldier. My father was an army officer. Naturally I have been influenced by some of the precepts of the army, and I have tried to apply one or two of them to my career. I think these are very worth while:

" Concentrate fully on the job at hand. Never divide your forces. Do! Act!—don't talk! "

The rule of action, not words, is the one I adopted two years ago when I shut myself off from the press. The reason was not mysterious. It was very simple. I had nothing to say.

I WASN'T especially happy. I was wrestling with problems that couldn't have been discussed with any one. They had to be worked out by me, alone. Everything happened at once in both my professional and personal life.

It was just about two years ago that Harry Bannister and I decided that the best thing for both of us would be a divorce. . . . Harry always was and always will be a very fine and gallant person.

The association and habit of marriage cannot be broken off casually. Shock is inevitable. I reacted as thousands of other women have. In the beginning I did things entirely contrary to my nature—one of which was filling my house with gay company, whom I always urged to stay on and on until the small hours.

After a while that sort of thing ran its course. And then I did the exact opposite. I became a fugitive from everything and everybody except one or two close friends and my little daughter Jane. I closed the door of my home to the world after working hours, and for a long while sought peace and stillness.

I often wonder what would have happened to me during that mentally stressful period without Jane, who was then at the active, inquisitive, and precious age of four; without those few sympathetic understanding friends, and without our home.

That home has been a retreat and refuge. It is on a hill high enough almost to touch the stars. It's a wonderful place to dream, and also to see things as they are—to gain perspective.

It was there I refound myself. And as a consequence I feel like a person reborn.

Two years ago I was ready to leave Hollywood, to give up my screen career and go back to the less lucrative but more soul-satisfying stage. I was terribly unhappy over the pictures I was making. And greatly disturbed over the quality of my work. It was vague, indefinite, detached.

For a long while I had lost my grail—the chalice into which, early in my theatrical career, I had poured my very heart's blood in adoration of the fine and true in acting. I realized just what I had lost when I watched the mask of myself on the screen in many of the pictures that I made. An empty mask that went through meaningless gestures of acting.

Something had gone out of my work—somethin

vitally and spiritually necessary for sincere and complete abandonment to acting. So I set out searching for my grail through quiet and isolation.

I read a great deal. I looked up some of my old bookshelf friends and gathered together some new ones. I picked up music where I had left it years before, and practiced piano for hours at a stretch. My friend Norma Boleslavsky, a magnificent concert pianiste, and her husband Richard, the author and director, whom I have known for years, used to spend many evenings with me. We'd sit by the hour and talk, and sometimes Norma would play.

It was Carlyle, I believe, who said, "Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together; that at length they may emerge, full-formed and majestic, into the daylight of life." I am sure that music too, and friendship, are elements in which forgotten dreams and lost ideals may piece themselves together into an inspirational pattern for carrying on one's work.

The Frank Confession of a Hollywood Star Who Has Found Her Way Back to Happiness

By ANN HARDING

as told to ELZA SCHALLERT

SOMETHING else proved helpful to me during this period, but also showed clearly the toll that fame exacts. It was my trip to the Hedgerow Theater in Rose Valley, Pennsylvania, the little-theater in which I played a number of years ago and in which Jasper Deeter is the guiding spirit.

During the four and a half years I have been in Hollywood I have returned to Hedgerow a number of times. Going back there and playing Madeline in Susan Glaspell's Inheritors has amounted to a pilgrimage for me. That has been my one escape from Hollywood when I felt oppressed by the enormity of the motion-picture machinery.

I always knew that I would find there what I needed most at the time: the certain stimulus that the theater gives to every actress who has been trained for the stage. The interpreting of a rôle from beginning to end, complete, rather than in its component parts, as we do for the screen. And the warm personal magnetic vibrations from the flesh-and-blood audience. Whenever I could break away from Hollywood for a brief spell I would hop into a plane, fly East, and drop in on Jasper and the company. Maybe we'd have time for a rehearsal on the day I arrived—maybe not. It didn't matter particularly, because Inheritors and one or two of the other plays they do regularly have been part of me for a long time. I know the rôles almost as well as my name, and I have played them with the same people there in the old days. Maybe I would go on that very night, and the audience wouldn't know I was there until they saw me.

There was no ballyhoo, no big lights; everything went along its natural, beautiful, simple course, and after one or two performances I'd hop a plane back to Hollywood, mentally and spiritually refreshed.

On my last trip, however, less than a year ago, things had changed. My coming to Hedgerow was discovered by the countryside. People from all over came to Rose Valley to look at the "movie star." They stormed the theater. It was necessary to summon state troopers to take care of the traffic—an unheard-of thing in that peaceful community. I had unwittingly brought a disturbing guest with me—Spectacular Publicity.

I used to think that we created our own opportunities. Now I believe that certain things happen to us only because we are ready for them. Something especially good has happened to me recently, and I don't believe I would have been ready to receive it two years ago, or would have appreciated it quite so much as I do now.

It is my new RKO contract, which allows me virtually complete freedom in the choice of my stories, and also permits me to make one picture a year independently as a producer, or at some other studio. This latter arrangement is excellent and beneficial for an actress, because often a story best suited to her individual talents is the property of a studio to which she is not under contract. I did When Ladies Meet for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under such circumstances, and Gallant Lady for Twentieth Century.

Having the privilege of producing one story a year independently has given me new and added zest for motion pictures. It will permit me to do some of the things I have always longed to do. If I fail because of the choice of the wrong story, then I'll know better next time. If I win, then I'll have greater fortitude for tomorrow.

My two-year silence enabled me to observe my life and career more clearly. I can see straight ahead—the road is open again. And I am simply "r'arin' to go"!

And, as my father, the general, no doubt would roar at me, "For God's sake, girl, *act*—don't talk!"

THE END

Did Bessie Forbes Kill Her Husband? Fate Closes in and the Trial Begins—But Still Perry Mason Smiles

(Reading time: 24 minutes 4 seconds.)

PERRY MASON, well known criminal lawyer, is retained by Arthur Cartright to draw up a will and to compel his neighbor, Clinton Foley, to stop his dog's howling. Cartright is highly nervous and excitable.

The next day Della Street, his secretary, gives Mason an envelope containing a will written by Cartright, leaving nine tenths of his estate to Mrs. Clinton Foley and one tenth to Mason, provided he protects Mrs. Foley's interests.

Foley answers the complaint about the dog by saying that Cartright is crazy. Perry Mason and a deputy sheriff go out to investigate, and interview Thelma Benton, Foley's housekeeper. They find that Mrs. Foley has gone away with Cartright, leaving a note of explanation.

Perry Mason employs Paul Drake, head of a detective agency, to find the missing pair. He cannot locate them, but discovers that Mrs. Foley really is Mrs. Cartright and that Foley's real name is Forbes. Mason goes to the Foley house and finds the man shot to death on the library floor. A police dog has also been shot and killed.

Paul Drake locates the real Mrs. Forbes, registered at a hotel under an assumed name. Mason goes to her and tells her he is her lawyer and warns her to refuse to talk to any one. He sends her to another hotel to register in her own name.

Mrs. Forbes tells Mason that she visited her husband's house and found him lying dead on the floor. She drove out to the house in a taxicab and on the return trip left her handkerchief on the floor of the cab. Mason has another woman, Mae Sibley, impersonate Mrs. Forbes and get back the handkerchief from the taxi driver.

Paul Drake tells Mason that the police have identified the gun with which Forbes was shot.

BY E R L

The Case of the Howling Dog

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
FRANK GODWIN

Marson leaned forward staring at Bessie Forbes.

PART SEVEN—"DID YOU SEE THE DEFENDANT?"

"THE gun," said Paul Drake slowly, his eyes watching Perry Mason's face in concentrated scrutiny, "was purchased in Santa Barbara, California, by Bessie Forbes, two days before her husband ran away with Paula Cartright."

Perry Mason's face became wooden. He stared at the detective in expressionless appraisal.

"Well," said Drake, "what have you got to say?"

Perry Mason's eyes half closed.

"I'm not going to say anything," he said. "I'm going to take back something that I did say."

"What?"

"When I told you that at the proper moment I could bust that case against Bessie Forbes wide open."

"I," said Drake, "am doing a lot of mind-changing myself."

"It's all right," Mason said slowly. "I still *think* I can bust that case wide open, but I don't know."

He picked up the telephone, placed the receiver to his ear with a slow, deliberate motion, and when he heard Della Street's voice, said, "Della, get me Alex Bostwick, the city editor of the Chronicle."

Della Street put the call through.

"Hello. . . . This Bostwick? Hello, Alex. Perry Mason talking. I've got a hot tip for you. You always claimed that I never gave you tips so that your men could dig up a scoop. Here's one that's a pippin. Have a reporter go out to 4893 Milpas Drive. It's the residence of a man named Arthur Cartright. He'll find a housekeeper there who is deaf and cranky. Her name's Elizabeth Walker. If your reporter will draw her out he'll find that she knows who murdered Clinton Foley. . . . Yes, Clinton Forbes, who lived at 4889 Milpas Drive under the name of Clinton Foley. . . .

"Yes, she knows who did the killing. . . .

"No, it wasn't Bessie Forbes. You get her to talk. . . .

STANLEY GARDNER

"All right, if you insist. She'll tell you that it was Arthur Cartright, the man for whom she works, and who has mysteriously disappeared. . . . That's all. Good-by." . . .

The room in the jail set aside for conferences between attorneys and clients contained no furniture other than a long table running the length of the room, flanked by chairs on each side. Midway along the table, stretching entirely through the table to the floor, and up to a height of five feet above the table, was a heavy wire screen.

Perry Mason sat in a chair at the long table and waited impatiently.

After a few moments the door from the jail opened and a matron walked into the room, with Mrs. Forbes.

"Good morning," he called.

"Good morning," she said in a firm, steady voice.

"Take that seat across from me," said Perry Mason.

She sat down and tried a smile. The matron withdrew.

"Why," said Perry Mason, "did you lie to me about the gun?"

She looked about her with a haunted, hunted look, then moistened her lips.

"I didn't lie," she said. "I had just forgotten."

"Forgotten what?" he asked.

"Forgotten about purchasing that gun."

"All right," he said. "Go ahead and tell me about it."

She spoke slowly, as though choosing her words.

"Two days before my husband left Santa Barbara," she said, "I found out about his affair with Paula Cartright. I got a permit from the authorities to keep a gun in the house, went down to a sporting-goods store, and bought the automatic."

"What did you intend to do with it?" he asked.

"I don't know," she said.

"Going to use it on your husband?"

"I don't know."

"Going to use it on Paula Cartright?"

"I don't know, I tell you. I just acted on an impulse."

"All right," he said. "What happened to the gun?"

"My husband took it away from me."

"So your husband took that gun with him when he left?"

"I guess so. I never saw it again."

"Then your idea is that some one took that gun from your husband, killed the police dog, and killed him?"

"No."

"What is your idea?"

"Some one," she said slowly, "who had access to my husband's things took that gun and waited the right opportunity to kill him."

"Who do you think that was?"

"It might," she said, "have been Paula Cartright, or it might have been Arthur Cartright."

"How about Thelma Benton?" said Perry Mason slowly. "She looks like rather an emotional type to me."

"Why should Thelma Benton kill him?" asked the woman.

"I DON'T know," said Perry Mason. "Why should Paula Cartright have killed him, after she lived with him so long?"

"She might have had reasons," said Bessie Forbes.

"I think," said Perry Mason slowly, "it would be better to stick to the theory that Arthur Cartright killed him, or that Thelma Benton killed him. The more I see of it, the more I'm inclined to concentrate on Thelma Benton."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because," he told her, "she's going to be a witness against you, and it's always a good move to show that a witness for the prosecution might be trying to pass the crime on to somebody else."

"You don't act as though you believed what I tell you," she said—"about the gun."

"I never believe anything that I can't make a jury believe," Perry Mason told her. "And I'm not certain that I can make a jury believe that story about the gun, if they also believe that you went there in a taxicab—that you saw your husband's dead body lying on the floor and made no move to report to the police and tried to conceal your identity by taking a room under the name of Mrs. C. M. Dangerfield."

"I didn't want my husband to know I was in town."

"Why not?" he asked her.

"He was utterly cruel and utterly ruthless," she said.

Perry Mason got to his feet.

"Well," he said, "I'll think it over. In the meantime, write me a letter and tell me that you've been giving your case a great deal of thought and that you want to tell your story to the newspaper reporters."

"But I've already told them that," she said.

"Never mind that," Perry Mason told her. "I want you to put it in writing and send it to me."

"They'll censor it before it goes out of the jail?"

"Of course," he told her. "Good-by."

PERRY MASON stepped into the telephone booth, dropped in a coin, and dialed the number of Paul Drake's detective bureau. After a moment he heard Drake's voice.

"Paul," he said, "Perry Mason talking. I'm going to shift my guns in that murder case a little."

"You don't need to shift them any; you've got them covering every point in the case now," Drake told him.

"You haven't seen anything yet," Mason answered. "And I want you to concentrate on Thelma Benton. She's got an alibi that covers every minute of her time from the time she left the house until she got back. I want to find a hole in that alibi some place if I can."

"I don't think there's any hole in it," Drake said. "I've checked it pretty thoroughly."

"Meet me at my office in ten minutes, and have all the reports on this Thelma Benton," said Perry Mason.

Perry Mason caught a taxicab to his office, and found Paul Drake waiting for him with a sheaf of papers.

"All right, Paul," he said. "What have you found out?"

"There's only one weak point in the alibi," Drake said.

"What's that?"

"That's this fellow Carl Trask, the gambler who showed up in the car and took Thelma Benton from the house. She was with him at various places until eight o'clock. I've checked the times when they showed at the various places. There's a gap between seven thirty and seven fifty. Then they drifted into a speak and had a drink. Trask left shortly after eight o'clock, and the girl went over to a booth and had dinner by herself. The waiter remembers her perfectly. She left about eight thirty, picked up a girl friend, and went to a picture show. Her alibi is going to depend on Carl Trask's testimony from around seven thirty to seven fifty, and on the girl friend from eight thirty on. But we don't care about busting the alibi after eight thirty. Between seven thirty and seven fifty is the time you want to concentrate on, and from all I can find out, that's going to rest on Carl Trask's testimony, and of course that of Thelma Benton herself."

"Where does she claim she was?" Mason asked.

"She says she was down at another speak having a cocktail, but nobody remembers her down there."

"If," said Perry Mason moodily, "she could find somebody down there who remembers her, it would give her a pretty good alibi."

Paul Drake nodded wordlessly.

"And," said Perry Mason slowly, "if she can't, it's going to be a weak spot if we can impeach Carl Trask in some way. You say he's a gambler?"

"Yes."

"Any criminal record?"

"We're looking it up. We know he's been in minor troubles."

"All right—look him up from the time he was a kid down to date. Get something on him if you can. If you can't, get something that won't sound good to a jury."

"I'm already working on that," Drake said.

Mason, drumming with his finger tips on the desk, abruptly said, "Where can I reach Thelma Benton?"

"She's staying at the Riverview Apartments."

"Under her own name?"

"Yes."

"What's she doing?"

"Talking with cops mostly. She's made three trips to headquarters and two to the district attorney's offices."

"For questioning?"

"I don't know whether they're in response to telephone communications or not. But there was only once she was sent for. The rest of the time she went by herself."

"How's her hand?" asked Mason.

"I don't know that. It's pretty well bandaged."

ABRUPTLY Perry Mason took up the telephone.

"Della," he said, "ring up the Riverview Apartments. Get Thelma Benton on the line. Tell her that this is the Chronicle speaking, and the city editor wants to talk with her."

Drake looked at him without expression on his face and said slowly, "You're skating on pretty thin ice, Perry."

Perry Mason nodded gloomily.

The telephone rang.

Perry Mason picked up the receiver, raised his voice, and snapped, "City editor."

The receiver made metallic noises, and then Perry Mason, still speaking in the same high-pitched rapid tone of voice, said: "Miss Benton, it looks as though this Forbes murder case is going to have a lot of dramatic interest. You've been with the parties from the start. Did you keep a diary?"

Once more the receiver made metallic noises, and a slow smile spread over the face of Perry Mason.

"Would you be interested in ten thousand dollars for the exclusive right to publish that diary? . . . You would? . . . Have you kept your diary up to date? . . . Will you keep it right up to date? . . . Don't say anything about this offer. I'll have one of our reporters get in touch with you when we want it. I can't tell about the price until I take it up with the managing editor. Then he'll want to inspect the diary. But I'm willing to make a recommendation for its purchase at that figure, provided we have the exclusive on it. That's all. G'by."

Mason slammed the receiver up on the line.

"Now let's check over those samples of handwriting," he said.

"I haven't got a sample of Mrs. Forbes's handwriting, but I have got a sample of Paula Cartright's. I've got some stuff that Thelma Benton has written, and a letter of Elizabeth Walker, Cartright's housekeeper."

"Have you checked them," Perry Mason said slowly, "with the note that was left by Paula Cartright?"

"No; the district attorney's office has got that note. But I have a photostatic copy of the telegram that was sent from Midwick, and the handwriting doesn't check."

"What handwriting doesn't check?"

"None of them."

"That telegram's in a woman's handwriting?"

DRAKE nodded, fished through a folder, and took out a photostatic copy of a telegram.

Mason took the paper and studied it carefully.

"Does the telegraph operator remember anything about it?" he asked.

"He just remembers that a woman handed it in across the counter, together with the exact amount necessary to send it."

"Would he remember her again if he saw her?"

"I doubt it. He's not too intelligent and apparently didn't pay any particular attention to her. She came in wearing a wide-brimmed hat. The operator remembers that much. She had her head tilted down so that the brim kept him from seeing her face when she was handing the telegram across the counter."

Mason continued to stare at the photostatic copy of the telegram, then glanced up at Drake

"Drake," he said, "how did the newspapers get on to the inside of all this business?"

"Get Thelma Benton on the line. Tell her that this is the Chronicle."

"What inside?" Paul Drake asked with some heat.

"All about the man who lived under the name of Foley being in reality Clinton Forbes, and having run away with Paula Cartright, and the Santa Barbara scandal?"

"Shucks," said Drake, "that was a cinch. We found it out, and it's a cinch the newspapers were as well organized as we were."

Perry Mason nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Drake," he said, "I think I'm getting about ready to go to trial."

The detective looked at him with some show of surprise.

"The case won't be tried for some time yet, even if you try to get an immediate hearing," he said.

Perry Mason smiled patiently.

"That," he said, "is the way to prepare a criminal case. You've got to make all of your preparation and block out your defense before the district attorney really finds out what it's all about. After that it's too late."

THE courtroom atmosphere was stale with that psychic stench which comes from packed humans whose emotions are roused to a high pitch of excitement.

Judge Markham, veteran judge of the criminal department, who had presided over so many famous murder trials, sat behind the massive mahogany rostrum with an air of complete detachment.

Claude Drumm, chief trial deputy of the district attorney's office, tall, well tailored, suave, was very much at his ease.

Perry Mason sat at the counsel table with an air of indolent listlessness about him which suggested a complete indifference to the entire case.

Claude Drumm exercised his second peremptory challenge. A juror left the box. The clerk drew another name, and a tall, gaunt individual, with high cheek bones and lackluster eyes, came forward, held up his right hand, was sworn, and took his seat in the jury box.

"You may inquire," said Judge Markham to Perry Mason.

Perry Mason glanced over at the juror casually.

"You understand," he said, "that you are to act as a judge of the facts if you are selected as a juror in this case, but that, so far as the law is concerned, you will accept the law in the instructions given you by the Court?"

"I do," said the juror.

"In the event the Court should instruct you," said Perry Mason slowly and solemnly, "that under the law of this state it is incumbent upon the prosecution to prove the defendant guilty beyond all reasonable doubt before a juror can conscientiously return a verdict of guilty, and that therefore it is not necessary for the defendant to take the witness stand and testify in her own behalf, but she may remain mute and rely upon the fact that the prosecution has failed to prove her guilty beyond all reasonable doubt, could you and would you follow such instruction of the Court and accept it as law?"

The juror nodded his head.

"Yes," he said; "I think I could, if that's the law."

"In the event the Court should further instruct you that such a failure on the part of the defendant to take the witness stand and deny the charges made against her was not to be considered in any way by the jury in arriving at its verdict and was not to be commented upon in connection with the discussions of the case, could you and would you follow such an instruction?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Perry Mason dropped back in his chair and nodded.

"Pass for cause," he said.

Claude Drumm asked that grim question which had disqualified many of the jurors.

"Have you," he said, "any conscientious scruples against the return of a verdict which would result in the penalty of death for the defendant?"

"None," said the man.

"Pass for cause," said Claude Drumm.

"The peremptory," said Judge Markham, "is with the defendant."

"Pass the peremptory," said Perry Mason.

Judge Markham nodded his head toward Claude Drumm.

"Let the jury be sworn," said the deputy district attorney.

Judge Markham addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," he said, "arise and be sworn to try this cause. And may I congratulate counsel upon the very expeditious manner in which this jury has been selected."

The jury was sworn. Claude Drumm made an opening argument—brief, forceful, and to the point. It seemed that he had stolen a leaf from the book of Perry Mason and was determined to skip over all preliminaries.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said: "I propose to show that, on the night of the 17th of October of this year, Clinton Forbes was shot to death by the defendant in this case. I shall make no secret of the fact that the defendant had a grievance against the deceased. I shall not try to minimize that grievance. I shall put the facts entirely before you, freely, openly, and frankly. I propose to show that the decedent was the husband of this defendant; that the parties had lived together in Santa Barbara until approximately a year before the date of the decedent's death; that the decedent had then surreptitiously departed without advising the defendant where he intended to go; and that the decedent took with him one Paula Cartright, the wife of a mutual friend; that the parties came to this city, where Forbes established a residence at 4889 Milpas Drive, under the name of Clinton Foley, and that Paula Cartright posed as Evelyn Foley, the wife of the deceased. I propose to show that the defendant in this case purchased a Colt automatic of thirty-eight caliber; that she devoted more than one year of her life to a careful and painstaking search, trying to locate the decedent; that shortly before the date of the murder she located the decedent, and that she then came to this city and engaged a room in a downtown hotel under the name of Mrs. C. M. Dangerfield.

"I expect to show that on the night of October 17, at the hour of approximately twenty-five minutes past seven, the defendant arrived at the house occupied by her husband; that she used a skeleton key to pick the lock of that house, and entered the corridor; that she encountered her husband and shot him down cold-bloodedly; that she then departed by taxicab and discharged the cab in the vicinity of the Breedmont Hotel, the hotel where she was registered under the name of Dangerfield.

"I propose to show that when she left the taxicab she inadvertently left behind her a handkerchief. I propose to show that this handkerchief is undoubtedly the property of the defendant; that the defendant, recognizing the danger of leaving behind so deadly a clue, sought out the driver of the taxicab and got back the handkerchief.

"I propose to show that the weapon which was purchased by the defendant, and for which she signed her name on the register of firearms, as kept by a sporting-goods dealer in Santa Barbara, California, was the same weapon with which the deadly shots were fired. Upon this evidence I shall ask the jury to return a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree."

DURING the speech Claude Drumm did not raise his voice, but spoke with a vibrant earnestness that compelled the attention of the jurors.

"Do you wish to make your opening address at this time, or to reserve the right?" asked Judge Markham of Perry Mason.

"We will make it later," said Perry Mason.

"Your Honor," said Drumm, getting to his feet, "it is usually a task of several days, or a day at least, to impanel a jury in a murder case. This jury has been impaneled within a very short time. I am taken somewhat by surprise. May I ask for an adjournment until tomorrow?"

Judge Markham shook his head and smiled.

"No, counselor," he said. "The Court will proceed to hear the case. The Court happens to know that the present counsel for the defense makes a habit of expediting matters very materially. The Court feels that there is no use wasting the balance of the day."

"Very well," said Claude Drumm with calm dignity. "I shall establish the corpus delicti by calling Thelma

Benton. May it please be understood that I am calling her at this time only for the purpose of establishing the corpus delicti. I shall examine her in greater detail later on."

"Very well," said Judge Markham; "that will be the understanding."

Thelma Benton came forward, held up her hand, and was sworn. She took the witness stand and testified that her name was Thelma Benton; that her age was twenty-eight; that she resided in the Riverview Apartments; that she had been acquainted with Clinton Forbes for more than three years; that she had been in his employ as a secretary in Santa Barbara, and that she was with him when he left Santa Barbara, and came with him to the residence at 4889 Milpas Drive, where she became his housekeeper.

Claude Drumm nodded.

"Did you have occasion, on the evening of October 17 of this year," Drumm asked, "to see a dead body in the house at 4889 Milpas Drive?"

"I did."

"Whose body was that?"

"It was the body of Clinton Forbes."

"He had rented that house under the name of Clinton Foley?"

"He had."

"And who resided there with him?"

"MRS. PAULA CARTRIGHT, who went under the name of Evelyn Foley and posed as his wife; Ah Wong, a Chinese cook; and myself," she answered.

"There was also a police dog?"

"There was."

"What was the name of the dog?"

"Prince."

"At the time you saw the dead body of Clinton Forbes, did you also see the police dog?"

"I did."

"What was his condition?"

"He was dead."

"Did you notice anything which would indicate to you the manner of death?"

"Yes; the police dog had been shot, and Mr. Forbes had been shot. There was a .38 Colt automatic lying on the floor. There were also four empty cartridges on the floor of the room."

"When did you last see Clinton Forbes alive?"

"On the evening of October 17."

"At approximately what hour?"

"At approximately the hour of six fifteen o'clock in the evening."

"Were you at the house after that hour?" was Drumm's next question.

"I was not. I left at that time, and Mr. Clinton Forbes was alive and well then. The next time I saw him he was dead."

"Where was the dog kept?" Claude Drumm next asked.

"The dog," said Thelma Benton, "had been kept chained in the bathroom since a complaint was made."

"I think," said Drumm to Mason, "that you may cross-examine upon the matters thus far brought out."

Perry Mason nodded his head languidly.

"The complaint was made that the dog was howling?" he asked almost conversationally.

"Yes."

"By the next-door neighbor?"

"Yes."

"And that neighbor was Mr. Arthur Cartright, the husband of the woman who was posing as the wife of Forbes?"

"Yes."

"Was Mrs. Cartright in the house at the time of the murder?"

"Paula Cartright," Mrs. Benton said, "left the house on the morning of the 17th of October. She left behind her a note stating that—"

Judge Markham sat behind the massive mahogany rostrum with an air of complete detachment.

"We object," said Claude Drumm, "to the witness testifying as to the contents of the note. It is not responsive to the question, and it is not the best evidence."

"Objection sustained," said Judge Markham.

"Where, then," asked Perry Mason, "*is* the note?"

"I have it," said Claude Drumm, "and intend to introduce it later on."

"I think," said Judge Markham, "the cross-examination upon this point has proceeded far enough."

"Call Sam Marson," said Claude Drumm.

Sam Marson was sworn, took the witness stand, testified that his age was thirty-two, that he was a taxicab driver, and had been such on the 17th of October.

"Did you see the defendant on that date?"

Marson leaned forward, staring at Bessie Forbes, who sat in a chair directly back of Perry Mason.

Will the cab driver identify Bessie Forbes as the woman he took to the Forbes house on the night of the murder? Does the prosecutor know that she bought the fatal weapon? Will Perry Mason shatter Thelma Benton's alibi? Follow the amazing and dramatic developments in this spectacular trial in next week's installment of this great mystery story.

The Strange Death

An Eyewitness' Memory of a Scarlet Episode in Mexico's Turbulent Past

We tangled with Almazan's federals and they whipp

(Reading time: 9 minutes 30 seconds.)

MICHEL should have known better. But *el General* Michel was of the old school of Mexican revolutionists. He knew nothing and thought less of airplanes. Which was most unfortunate for him when at last he learned about planes from me.

I was one of the dumb clucks who sought fame, fortune, and free liquor in the Yankee Doodle Escadrille, the air corps of General José Gonzales Escobar's rebel army in the Mexican revolution of 1929.

Michel, a dapper little man very proud of his scarlet sashes, was the rebel *comandante* of Chihuahua City, and to him Escobar intrusted the money taken from the banks of Parral, Saltillo, and Torreón when we moved south to give battle to the federals around Jiménez.

I heard a lot about that dough, but I don't know how much there was. Some said a million dollars; some said half a million. I was too busy fighting and drinking, especially drinking, to bother about it. Anyhow, money didn't mean anything to me. I never got paid.

We tangled with Almazan's army of federals at Jiménez and they whipped the pants off of us. The Mexican flyers shot the Yankee Doodle Escadrille out of the air. The rebel defeat became a massacre. We left 4,000 dead between Jiménez and the bridge at La Reforma. The American flyers—Polk, Stanley, and I—hightailed it for Chihuahua City to patch up our ships.

The author, Philip Mohun.

That was about the time Michel must have started thinking seriously about his future. I never blamed him much for selling liberation short. He had a fortune in American cash in the *cuartel*, and the revolution was now falling to pieces around his head.

The result of Michel's pondering was that peon chauffeurs drove two green roadsters up to his headquarters in the *cuartel* during the siesta hour of a hot, drowsy afternoon a few days after the battle. The bodies of the cars lay heavily on their springs. Anyone passing must have thought they carried a strangely heavy load. But if anyone passed, he remained discreetly silent.

Two officers hurried from the headquarters of General Michel, climbed into the roadsters. The green cars rolled away. They moved faster once they were beyond the sentry lines, skirling up clouds of dust as they sped over the dirt road that twisted two hundred and fifty miles north to the Texas border. Hidden in the rumble seats were canvas bags in which was every *centavo* of the rebel treasury. But we didn't know that then.

Once the roadsters were safely on their way, *el General* Michel went on a bust by way of celebration. He was still celebrating when, late in the afternoon, a train of many box cars rolled slowly into the city from the south, from Escalón. In a private car hitched to the tail of the slattern train rode that magnificent patriot, the rebel *generalisimo*, José Gonzales Escobar.

The city was startled by the arrival of Escobar, and it seemed to me that *el General* Michel was the most surprised of all. Why, only yesterday had not every one heard that Escobar would give battle to Almazan at La

# of General Michel

By
PHILIP MOHUN

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

e pants off us. The rebel defeat became a massacre.

Reforma? Then why was he here? Michel shrugged: *quien sabe?* It did not greatly matter to him, for the green roadsters and their bags of money had been hours on the road. Let them suspect; let them pursue. They would get nothing except dust in their eyes.

Courtesy required that the *comandante* call at once upon the *generalisimo*. Michel delayed only to don his best uniform, bright blue heavy with gold braid. He wound a fresh scarlet sash about his waist, his best and brightest sash. He was awfully proud of that sash. When he wore it in public he was always twitching at it to be sure it was straight. Thus arrayed, Michel summoned his shoeless chauffeur and drove in style to the depot to greet Escobar, to express his pleasure that he was honored with a visit.

But Escobar had not come for pleasure. He wanted money to pay his soldiers—the money he had intrusted to his most good friend *el General* Michel. It was necessary that he have the money at once, for he planned to fight the federals, and his men would not fight unpaid.

Michel understood perfectly. Of a certainty, he said. He would go at once to the *cuartel* and get the money. He would bring it to the *generalisimo* within the hour.

Beads of perspiration popped out on Michel's forehead. And Escobar was one who noticed such things. He said perhaps his good friend Michel was ill. Perhaps he would be in danger going alone to the *cuartel*. He must be protected by a guard.

Not so, said Michel. He would go alone. Nothing was wrong with him. A touch of sun, perhaps—nothing more.

Escobar would not think of it. The health of his good friend was too precious to be risked. In fact, he would go with Michel himself.

AND so they left the train together, motored to the *cuartel*, Michel resplendent in his scarlet sash and blues, Escobar in dusty khaki stained with sweat.

Now, I do not know what happened in the *cuartel*, but this I know:

I was hanging over a bar when an officer routed me out. He wouldn't even let me finish the cold bottle of Orizaba beer I had just opened. It was imperative that I depart at once. It was the order of Escobar himself.

The late General Michel.

I'm not one to argue with generals, so I took off in the Stinson at dusk, with four of Escobar's staff officers sitting silent on the little seats behind me. My orders were as cockeyed as any ever given in that cockeyed war. I was to fly north two hundred miles to Punta Alta. I was to land. At dawn I was to fly southward again toward Chihuahua City. I was to follow the road the whole way. And at no time was I to fly higher than two hundred feet. The orders stressed that point. We made our landing at night, and the Mexican officers got out to smoke until sunrise. I stretched out between the chairs, with my head toward the motor, and got to sleep. I had given up long ago trying to figure out the Mexicans. The sky was lighting up behind the mountains when one of the officers shook me awake. He said

NEED OIL

EVERY FEW HUNDRED MILES

?

Is your car always begging for oil? Do you need a quart or two nearly every time you stop for gas? Then read this unsolicited letter from Milton Sammel of Bedford, Pa.:

"I drove my 1928 Buick 92,600 miles . . . never had the pan removed . . . ground valves only twice. Today, the motor does not require any more oil than when new, thanks to Quaker State."

The trouble with ordinary oil is that there's one quart, more or less, of thin, non-lubricating material in every gallon. This "light-end" oil breaks down in high-compression motors. It burns up, blows away, vanishes. No wonder you keep adding oil!

If you want oil in which every drop lubricates . . . oil that lasts and lasts . . . ask for Quaker State. "Light-end" material is removed *at the refinery.* You get an *extra quart of lubrication in every gallon.*

Look for the Quaker State sign. Most places will service your car from 1-quart and 5-quart refinery-sealed cans. Or, get Quaker State in the patented, double-sealed drum. Quaker State Oil Refining Company, Oil City, Pennsylvania.

QUAKER STATE

MOTOR OILS
and Superfine Greases

"First choice of experience"

something I couldn't understand, so I said, "Sure." The others climbed in and we started back to Chihuahua City.

We droned along, never more than a couple of hundred feet above the road. Every time we spotted a cloud of dust on the road, the officers would crane their necks, peering down. Then we sighted two dust clouds moving swiftly northward. The officers squinted at them, and then they began nodding and jabbering, waving their arms. I got the idea. I swung around and brought the plane down in a field about a quarter of a mile ahead of the approaching roadsters.

I taxied to the edge of the road. The officers got out and squatted in the shade of the wings. I started to get out to stretch my legs, but I changed my mind pronto when I saw the Mexicans had drawn their pistols. I never have liked the idea of butting in on a shooting scrape. So I scrooched lower in the ship and watched the green roadsters racing toward us. The officers started shooting.

Hell popped the next thirty seconds. The roadsters skidded—stopped. A fellow jumped out of the front car and started running. He was fast but he couldn't outrun bullets. He did a nose dive, scooting along through the dust like sliding for home. A fellow getting out of the other roadster grabbed his belly. His mouth opened as if he was surprised about something. A bullet smacked him in the face.

The chauffeurs never made a move through all this. The officers tied them hand and foot and dumped them into the ship. Two officers got in with me, and the other two started back to Chihuahua City in the roadsters.

The party being over, I took off. A couple of buzzards drifted over to have a look at the dead men in the road. The prisoners didn't let out a chirp all the way back to Chihuahua City. Guards hustled them off to the *cuartel.* Nobody seemed to mind, so I tagged along with the officers.

WE went into a square almost bare room that might have been built for a country bank. There was wire netting, and little windows like the grilles of tellers' cages. A calendar on the wall let you know in Spanish that this was March 27, 1929.

The officers sat down at a long table. A Yaqui colonel joined them. I sat down too. I wanted it understood that I approved of everything they did, especially the Yaqui colonel. For Yaquis are bad medicine if they get unpleasant ideas about you.

Soldiers brought in our two prisoners and stood them in a corner. Then Escobar came in. He sat down with the officers. Nobody said anything. The Yaqui was rolling a cigarette.

It was hot in the room—stuffy. Feet scraped in the corridor. The door opened, and soldiers came in with *el General* Michel. His blue uniform was crumpled from sleeping in it. His red sash was askew. He smiled at Escobar, but his jaw dropped as he saw the prisoners. He couldn't believe it. He had forgotten about the planes. I wonder if he remembered them even then.

He swallowed a couple of times and looked at Escobar. But Escobar was contemplating the tip of his cigarette. Michel glanced at the Yaqui colonel. Then he sighed. You could hardly hear the words *"Madre de Dios!"*

It lasted maybe half a minute, and then Michel smiled at the officers, at me. He started toward a chair. But Escobar spoke sharply. Michel hesitated, then walked to a corner, where he stood facing us.

THE peons said they drove the green roadsters because it was the order of *el General* Michel. They were to drive to the "Hole in the Wall," some thirty miles west of El Paso. There they would meet two men, to whom they would give the roadsters. The men would pay them. The others (the two who were shot) would go with the men. They were told the money hidden in the rumble seats was to be spent for arms, ammunition. That was all they knew.

Escobar's hand moved slightly and the peons were taken away. We sat looking at Michel. He started talking. I couldn't get most of it, but he was accusing the peons of stealing the money. He was swearing by his sacred honor, by the grave of his mother, that he would not betray the cause of liberty. Was not *el Generalisimo* Escobar his comrade in arms, his most trusted friend? Would he betray his beloved commander? Ah, no, a thousand times no!

They let him talk. He spoke faster and faster, not even stopping for breath. He got red in the face. And I don't blame him. He was talking for his life.

Escobar laid his .45 on the table. He did it like a man putting down his fork. The three officers drew theirs, laid them on the table. I wondered how much was four times .45. The Yaqui was rolling a cigarette.

Michel was babbling, gesturing. I couldn't get my eyes off the scarlet sash he was so proud of. His words were tumbling upon each other when Escobar half raised his hand for silence.

Michel stopped with his mouth open. The Yaqui laid down his cigarette unfinished. Michel shrugged.

Escobar glanced at his finger nails. His three officers lifted their pistols, each resting his forearm on the table. Escobar's voice purred softly. Michel flicked his tongue over his lips. He clinched his hands at his sides. I wanted to tell him to straighten his sash. He shut his eyes. The officers fired.

Michel's body thudded on the floor, lay still. We looked at him. Nobody said anything. General Escobar walked slowly out of the room, glancing with interest at his polished finger nails. I saw one of the bullets had spoiled Michel's red sash. The Yaqui finished rolling his cigarette.

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

By
PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion

(Reading time: 4 minutes 7 seconds.)

THIS is for Yale and Harvard men who graduated about twenty years ago. I have been talking with an old sweetheart of yours. Fritzi Scheff! Just as charming as ever, she is—just as bewitchingly Viennese. But I'm sorry to say I must dispel one of your college legends. Fritzi Scheff *never* took a bath in champagne. I asked her point-blank, and she said *no*.

Kiss Me Again—that famous song of hers from Mlle. Modiste—has not lost its sentimental power through the years.

"Young people often write to me nowadays," says Fritzi Scheff, "telling me they have heard that song and so they are going to get married."

With her sweet voice, her wasp waist, her brilliant vivacity, Fritzi Scheff will always remain, I am told, an intoxicating person to almost any man who went to a big Eastern university around 1910. Not without inspiration did the then undergraduate mind build up its legend that Fritzi took baths in pure champagne.

She didn't—but no matter. The tribute was sincere.

She was born in Vienna, daughter of a prima donna and a court physician. Her father doctored through childhood the Archduke Ferdinand whose assassination brought on the World War.

Fritzi Scheff came to America when she was eighteen. She sang with Caruso. Victor Herbert wrote four operettas for her. Her Austrian charm still unique, still lovely, her voice still compelling, here is a woman of rich experience—an interesting woman.

Drawing by CARL LINK

Fritzi Scheff

OF public opinion the young girls are less scared than they used to be—yet some of them are not even now entirely free of certain *horrors*.

I have in mind the two daughters of an elderly gentleman whose delight it is to wear loud clothes. Apart from his sartorial radicalism, he is a most conservative man, a respected citizen, a devoted father. But he *will* wear the noisiest clothes! His checkered overcoat fairly screams, as do his fancy vests, green suits, purple neckties, pink shirts, and lemon socks. For years he has been the town rainbow. His grown-up daughters say they simply can't stand it. Neither can they reform him. They've tried and tried.

"He is such a dear, and we love to go out with him," one of the daughters told me; "yet every time we are positively terrified by his awful clothes. How people must talk!"

Of course this is not a serious situation, but it's an amusing one to watch.

THE making of a new saint is always important, and this time the event is of special interest to women. The newly sainted Joan Thoret was a woman whose many virtuous acts included a dramatic stand against profane love.

Joan Thoret was canonized recently in recognition of her charitable work among the victims of the French Revolution. But there was romance in her life as well as charity. One of the leaders of the Terror fell in love with her. Using his revolutionary power, he tried to compel her to break her vow of chastity and marry him. Her oath to God, she said, could never be revoked by man-made politics.

The lives of the saints are all interesting. The life of this new saint is a very human fragment of history.

READERS have asked me these three questions: 1. "Is it polite for a man to offer a woman a lighted cigarette from his own mouth?" 2. "Is it polite to start smoking at table without asking permission of your hostess?" 3. "Is it polite for a hostess to insist that men guests smoke *only her* cigarettes instead of taking their own out of their pockets?"

First of all, it seems to me we had better coin a word for this new department of manners. Let's call it *Cigarettiquette*. And now for the above questions:

To Question No. 1 the answer is *no*—not unless she happens to be driving a car or likewise occupied. Too often, when a man gives a woman a lighted cigarette from his own mouth, it is nothing but clumsy flirtatiousness on his part.

To Question No. 2 I would say that a truly modern hostess usually volunteers smoking permission, nowadays, after the first course. As a rule it is not polite to smoke before she indicates that you may.

No, Reader No. 3. Don't embarrass the men by rushing up and saying, "Oh, you mustn't smoke your own—have one of ours." Distribute *your* cigarettes so that every man will find them at hand when he wants one.

HILAIRE BELLOC'S new book, William the Conqueror, is important reading. (D. Appleton-Century Company.)

"Why I believe Plymouth is

ne Best Engineered Car in the Low-price Field"

by WALTER P. CHRYSLER

"OUR BUSINESS has been very good. At this time, I believe people will be interested in knowing why! To put it quite simply—our engineers have built into Plymouth cars the *things people want.*

"Our engineers have done two big things to make automobiles safer. They have perfected Hydraulic Brakes and pioneered the use of Safety-Steel Bodies.

"Another thing they've achieved—and perhaps the biggest—is patented Floating Power . . . which does away with vibration. This year, in addition, every Plymouth—even the lowest-priced model—has individual wheel springing.

"These two features together give you a more comfortable ride than ever before.

"I have always believed that people wanted these things—not only in expensive automobiles—but in cars that the working-man could afford. The public's response has convinced me that I was right.

"I credit our present position in the Industry to these engineering achievements. I sincerely believe Plymouth is the best engineered car in the low-price field—because Plymouth is the only car in its price class that has all of them."

• •

WHAT WALTER P. CHRYSLER has stated here should interest every person who is thinking about a new car. For the features he mentions cannot *all* be found in any other low-priced car.

Floating Power engine mountings give you a smoothness you could never get by merely putting pieces of rubber under the engine. While individual wheel springing ends nose bounce and back seat bucking.

Safety-steel bodies *are actually all steel*—built on the strongest Rigid-X double-drop frames. They stand punishment that would demolish any body not of this "steel reinforced by steel" construction.

Hydraulic brakes are always equalized—the braking action is the same on all four wheels. And although they are much costlier than the ordinary mechanical type, every Chrysler-made car has them.

Isn't it good common sense to ride in a Plymouth with these four *extra* points of value before you buy any car?

America's Biggest Low-Priced Car . . . New De Luxe Plymouth . . . With 114-Inch Wheelbase

Then we had the hat trick. It was the first time in his life the mayor didn't make a speech. All that he made was funny sounds.

When Beauty Stages a Wrestling Bout, Then Comes a Story Like This!

No Holts Barred

(Reading time: 24 minutes 7 seconds.)

THIS Jimmy Kinsey was a cub on the morning Blablab. They let him write up the wrastling bouts, unless it was a good one, and there are no good wrastling bouts.

Being out to publicize my boy, I was happy to run into Jimmy Kinsey at that all-night lunch wagon where the sportsman's world and newspapermen and people of high society mingle.

"Shake hands with my boy," I introduced them. "This is Xyzbiscuts the Terrible Pachyderm. Although his right name is Javis Orchutts the Terrible Pachyderm."

"Who's the lady?" asked Jimmy.

One had come in and sat on a stool between I and Xyzbiscuts. I wouldn't know why.

"I am Miss Curzon," said the girl. "And I dropped in to see if I could meet some prize-fight promoters."

Jimmy Kinsey was looking at this little woman like he just couldn't believe that it was a Thursday night in August in a scrubby lunch wagon.

For a girl of about twenty, this girl was more out of the ordinary than any twenty that I have ever seen. Her hair was not the same red of other redheads, and her eyes were more of a heart-rendering blue, and her dimples, when she smiled, made you remember clear back to the stuff that Christy Mathewson used to sling up when he was fading 'em good to the boys at bat.

"I am the chairman of the Athletic Club committee of the Junior League," Miss Curzon told us. "And we want to promote a prize fight for the Milk Fund."

"I and my boy have just rattled into town," I told Jimmy. "And we would wrastle with anybody whatever, catch as catch can."

"It takes a wrastler to wrastle a wrastler," spoke up Xyzbiscuts.

He waggled his House of David whiskers, which we wear for atmosphere to make us the more terrible.

Jimmy Kinsey was looking carefully at Miss Curzon. "You're not," he asked, "by any chance Edwina Curzon?"

By ALBERT M. TREYNOR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

"That's right," said the girl. "I'm Eddie."

"Not," marveled Jimmy, "the daughter of Blackwell Curzon? Not *the* Blackwell Curzon of the railroads and insurance companies and the oil pipe lines?"

"I'm afraid," said Miss Curzon, "they've been a great annoyance to him lately."

"Look!" spoke up Javis Orchutts.

He took his bowl of hot vegetable soup between his two hands—like that—and crunched it between his two frightful hands.

The three of us leaped back to duck the splash of the greasy soup and the pieces of soup bowl, while the waiter rushed in with the mop rag.

"He would crunch a human skull like that," I took this occasion to propaganda him. "And we would like to get wrote up in the newspaper."

"You mean," Jimmy asked Miss Curzon, "that you nice little women of the Junior League wish to go into the palooka racket?"

"What's so nice about us?" she asked.

I got Jimmy by the arm. "How about it, brother?"

"All right, all right," he told me. "Dictate it."

"You got your pencil?"

"Don't be silly," he returned. "Anything that a wrastling manager dictated to me would be mimeographed upon my brain forever."

SO I went ahead and dictated.

"Mr. Marvin B. Morganthall, the smiling manager and promoter, having just rattled into town, hereby announce that him and his boy Xyzbiscuts the Terrible Pachyderm, the strongest and most appalling grappler in the world today, do hereby challenge any wrastler in the world, catch as catch can, no holts barred, Mr. Marvin B. Morganthall, the smiling manager, backing his boy Xyzbiscuts—"

"It's swell," said Jimmy, "and I'll only have very little polishing to do on my typewriter."

But it never got in the paper. Where it got was in the hell box. A hell box on a morning newspaper corresponds to a garbage can at an all-night lunch counter.

But now we are still in this all-night dinah. "I think the prize-fight game would be too tame for you girls," Jimmy said to Miss Curzon.

This girl was getting all thrilled by so much

"Ladeeez and gentlemen!" Miss Eddie megaphoned to the crowds. "Xyzbiscuts and Zymosis!"

sportsman's talk. "If I had me a boy," she told me, "we'd certainly like to wrastle you and your boy."

"I guess I could get you a boy," Jimmy told her.

"Oh, no?" she cried. "Oh, who?"

"None other than Zymosis the Horrible Behemoth. Although his right name is Alvin Oofs the Horrible Cop. He's a full-time cop," said Jimmy, "and only grapples during his off hours. But that is ample."

"I should like my boy to see this oompah," I said, "because we get so little tax-free amusement."

So we shuffle out where Miss Curzon has a long-schnozzled Isoanso-Fasciti waiting with a chauffeur at the wheel, and drive uptown to where Alvin Oofs is a traffic cop.

Look! If you'd been west to the Pacific Ocean, and then came east and saw the same ocean all over again, would you believe your eyes? No more than you could believe there could be two so-called human beings such as Javis Orchutts and Alvin Oofs in the world today. And I don't mean just huge rough bodies of water. I mean everything.

If I was to put my boy under a barber for a big shave, then he and this horrible cop would be identical repalookas of one another.

"Hi, Officer Oofs!" Jimmy sang out. "Want to wrastle?"

"Wo wi?" shouted Oofs. He talked like that—as though somebody had clipped him one on his Adam's apple.

Then he stopped traffic from all directions, and waited for us to come out to his island.

"Meet Miss Curzon," said Jimmy. "Would you care to be her boy?"

"She wants to be your manager," I told him. "If you would wrastle us we would cut you in for a nominal, or even a neglible piece of the gate."

"Wn wo we wawwle?" asked Officer Oofs.

"That's the kind of spirit I adore!" Miss Eddie beamed.

Jimmy Kinsey was grinning at her, as tickled as though she was his only child.

He wasn't built for any kind of sports, unless it would be to lay a wager on who could reach up the highest or crawl through the narrowest aperature. But he has inky-black hair and a grin that would win the marbles from children on up.

If I had a daughter and Jimmy hadn't a dime, I would still want him to come around.

This little Miss Eddie was more than human too. And that's how it was.

I then introduced our two boys.

Did you ever watch the self-couplers on a couple of freight cars? They mitted one another like that. Both wanting to find out if you could crunch the other's bones or shove him off the traffic island. It was a true case, indeed, of shove at first sight.

"Now, now!" I interfered. "You know how lousy a wrastling match looks when the fellows are not the best of friends."

"We'll sign the articles tomorrow noon," said Jimmy. "And so good night to you, my raving beauties."

WELL, when we met next day, Jimmy and Miss Eddie had allowed no grass to grow up in the streets. They had got Oofs a two-weeks lay-off from the police commissioner. They had started a training camp at the two-million-dollar Blackwell Curzon estate on the river. And all the newspapers, except Jimmy's paper, were printing write-ups about the big coming bout. Miss Eddie Curzon, I was to learn, was half an orphan. Her mother was dead. And her father, at this time, was in Europe.

We finally settled our splits on the gate. And please don't ask me ever again to deal with any cute and simple little boarding-school misses in money matters.

Figuring the piece of the gate the girls of the Milk Fund cut themselves in on, there now won't be an unemployed cow left in the United States of America.

"We will hold the match in the Coliseum a week Friday night," Miss Curzon announced.

I had to laugh. The Coliseum is owned by the city fathers.

"The mayor," stated Miss Eddie, "daren't refuse me anything."

"Me either," stated Jimmy Kinsey.

The thing to do was to put on our biggest front when calling on the mayor. So we took both our boys with us. And we took all the members of the athletic committee of the Junior League. About twelve of these little frills came along. And the names of their fathers would read like a bull stampede on the money reserves of the world.

How we got in the mayor's office was that I and the boys walked in the rear, and the twelve frills up at the front of the spearhead. Before the copper on the door could think it out, we were in. If One-eyed Connolly could see that piece of gate-crashing he would cut his throat tomorrow. There was some kind of a woman with the mayor. She was crusading for anti-noise or rackets or something. I didn't quite get what.

The mayor himself was seated in his pearl-colored pants and spats. His gloves and tall silk hat were on his desk. I suppose he was about to go and lay a corner.

I thought we better act fast. "Do you know my boy, Xyzbiscuts the Terrible Pachyderm," I asked him, "Mr. Mayor?"

"I wouldn't know him from Adam," he said.

"He wouldn't know him from Edam," reiterated Jimmy Kinsey.

THE little frills had started to giggle. Some were sitting on desks and some on chairs and some on the floor. Two or three had lit up their cigarettes.

"The idea!" the anti-fun woman was gagging. "The very idea!"

"I wish to remind you of the little babies in our city, Mr. Mayor," Miss Eddie started to say. "So we want to fling a wrastling bout in the Coliseum—"

"Look!" spoke up Javis Orchutts.

The city phone book was lying on the mayor's desk. Orchutts picked it up and simply tore it in two. Then he put the halves together and tore them in four. Then he threw the pieces in the air like a phony snowstorm.

"He is the strongest man in the world today," I took this occasion to tell the mayor.

Alvin Oofs was looking around. He was jealous, I suppose. But he wasn't going to stay jealous.

"Wook!" he said.

The mayor's desk was the size of a standard-sized billiard table. Only it was full of drawers and loaded down with truck—ink bottles of red and black and purple inks and such. But Alvin Oofs just tied into that desk and hoisted it over his head on one hand and went around the room like a waiter and his tray.

It was a good thing he was wearing his civvies. If the mayor knew he was a cop, Oofs would be excommuted to the farthest precinct they've got.

But I was resigned. "You see how it is," I smiled at Jimmy Kinsey.

I knew what was coming next. The hat trick always comes about now. You let the wind out of your lungs and put a stiff hat on your chest and tie a string around yourself and the hat. Then you suddenly expand.

Javis Orchutts always carries a stout fish cord around for this purpose. The hat, he took it for granted, he would borrow from the mayor. Then we had the hat trick. And when he suddenly expanded, the mayor's hat collapsed like an opera hat. It was the first time in his life, no doubt, that the mayor didn't make a speech. But he was much too full of feelings and regrets. All that he made was funny sounds.

I thought it would be as well to pass it off in an easy manner. "Fourteen inches," I said, "is a magnificent chest expansion, Mr. Mayor."

Our boys were about bright enough to see that the little Junior Leaguers were having the finest time they ever had. And these wrastlers were mad at one another anyhow for showing off and outvying one another. You couldn't have stopped them now with a couple of mahouts and their hooks. They were looking around now for more things to do.

"Neck and crotch holt!" suddenly roared Javis Orchutts, and started at the mayor.

He thought everybody *(Continued on page forty)*

Thousands of discriminating motorists admired the 1934 Pontiac at the Automobile Shows throughout the country.

So smart, so big and powerful—and yet so economical to drive!

Have you seen the smart, new Pontiac Straight Eight for 1934? Make it a point to inspect this great, powerful, low-priced car at the earliest possible moment. Arrange to drive it . . . to ride in the rear seat as a passenger. A totally new and unique experience awaits you—one to which you will *thrill.*

This new Pontiac, you will find, is bigger, smoother and faster. Wheelbase is lengthened to 117 inches. Power is increased to 84 h.p. Speed is stepped up to 82 actual miles an hour. Yet the 1934 Pontiac Straight Eight is even more economical to drive than last year's proved and famous model. *You get more miles to the gallon of gasoline by a generous 10 per cent!*

But these improvements, important as they are, take second place to the new roadability, the new ease of steering, *the new and luxurious riding comfort* made possible by Knee-Action front wheels. Knee-Action wheels permit the use of soft, coiled front springs tuned to react in unison with the leaf springs at the rear. Your ride becomes a glide . . . rhythmic, smooth, delightful . . . unlike anything you have ever experienced in conventional cars, whatever their price.

These are strong statements, but provable . . . take a ride in the 1934 Pontiac and judge for yourself. And remember this: The 1934 Pontiac is a big, smooth, roomy Straight Eight that is *definitely* in the low-price field—an *economy* car.

NEW PONTIAC ECONOMY STRAIGHT EIGHT

A General Motors Silver Anniversary Value with larger, finer Fisher Bodies

"IT'S THE SMOOTHEST CAR I EVER DROVE"
"IT'S SO NICE TO HAVE PLENTY OF ROOM"
"STRAIGHT EIGHT PERFORMANCE CAN'T BE MATCHED"
"IT COSTS SO LITTLE MORE"

Get a Straight Eight for your money!

(Continued from page thirty-eight) loved to be showed these holts. And it would be a high compliment to the mayor.

"Woff and wo ho!" Alvin Oofs suddenly roared.

I don't know whether he thought the mayor's woman guest would want to be showed these holts too. All I know is that she saw him coming her direction. And the way she scrammed out of there left the exits smoking.

I and Jimmy Kinsey by now were doing our best to make Javis Orchutts understand that the mayor belonged to all the citizens of our town as a whole. "No, no!" we said, and finally took the mayor away from him.

And then the chief executive found his voice. All he said was, "If you hoodlums don't lam out of my office I'll have you in the hoosegow forever."

Well, nobody can say that our crowd don't leave places when asked in a decent way. So we went out of there lipperty-lipperty. But not before the mayor yelled he was going to cable to Eddie Curzon's father.

"I guess," remarked Miss Eddie, "that the Coliseum idea wasn't so hot in the first place."

"I'm madly in love with these two boys," said one of the frills, blinking actual tears out of her eyes.

"I know!" enthused Miss Eddie. "We'll throw this bout at Arcady Acres." Meaning her papa's two-million-dollar estate on the river.

That didn't listen so good to I and Xyzbiscuts, but we went along anyhow. And then I see how wrong I was. This Curzon place is a natural for throwing a wrastling bout.

The grounds roll up from the river to the mansion. This is built of stone, like the penitentiary. Only bigger and more beautiful. And they don't have all their yeggs in one basket. And around this is the horsehow of the hillsides, landscaped very expensive.

Right back of the house is a fifty-foot swimming pool with white tiles and full of water.

"We'll empty the pool and put our mat on the bottom," announced Miss Curzon. "And then we'll rent ten thousand camp chairs and spread 'em in rows around the slopes like a vast amphitheater. And cut down what bushes we have to—"

"Miss Eddie," I told her, "you are the new Jack Kearns of today. Unless your old man gets home."

"And we'll make this a grudge bout," she said.

"Nix now!" I asserted myself. "When you've been wrastling as long as I have, you know how lousy you look if you're mad at one another."

"What do you think, Jimmy," she asked, "about having 'em loathe and detest each other?"

"I don't see how they could help it, Eddie," he said. "Or how anybody could."

SO he and Miss Eddie went out and built up this grudge bout like a spite fence. The newspaper boys in town all loved Jimmy Kinsey. He could get columns of write-ups in every paper except his own. And Miss Eddie could get 'em in Jimmy's paper—after working on the editor for a minute or two. We had reporters and picture men with us all the time.

And then Jimmy and Miss Eddie cooked up this hasheesh about how Orchutts and Oofs were a Cossack and a Tartar who had been born under the back steppes of Siberia, spelled ritzy that way, like shoppe. And how a Cossack and a Tartar will fly at one another's throats like a tarantula and a scorpion if dropped into the same bottle together. The newspapers spread guff so thick that the police commissioner notified us he was sending a riot squad up to our place. Just in case our boys got so frightful they would have to be crowbarred apart.

And then we got this cablegram from Mr. Curzon, Eddie Curzon's father.

I found Jimmy and Miss Eddie sitting on the edge of a chair with their black and red heads together while they puzzled over what Mr. Curzon was trying to say. They gave me the cablegram to read, and it read:

IF YOURE PROMOTING WRASTLING MATCH STOP BEST DAD

"The word 'stop' in a cablegram is a punctuation mark," unquoted Miss Eddie. "Like a period. Am I right, Jimmy?"

"Wrong as you might be, you'd always be right as rain to me," said Jimmy.

"Oh!" she cried, delighted with herself. "I got it now—I got it!"

"What have you got?" I asked.

"Why, it's so simple!" she laughed happily. "It should read, 'If you're promoting wrastling match do your best stop Dad.'"

"You ought to be in the decoding department for the United States government!" Jimmy admired her.

"This bout will be the best the town has ever seen," Miss Eddie declared. "And dad will be tickled pink."

I'm not saying now how good this bout turned out to be. And I won't say later. I just leave you and the newspapers judge.

From the first I had nixed this swimming-tank idea. "The customers," I said, "like to have these bouts on a platform so that large panting wrastlers can be heaved in their laps."

THEREUPON Miss Eddie went ahead and emptied the tank. You open a big valve and let the water out through a three-foot drain. It rushes out in one big guggle. Miss Eddie put our mat on the white tiles down there, and had border lights strung over the pool. Then she rented all the camp chairs in town and put 'em around the slope. And this was so steep that no matter where you sit you could see the bout.

"What do you say now, sweetheart?" Miss Eddie asked me.

"I never heard of a big sporting event throwed in the bottom of a hole," I reiterated. "It's just not done."

"I suppose you never heard of Daniel in there with the lions?" she said.

"Oh, yes, I have," I said.

"So what?" she asked.

"All right, all right," I gave in. "It's oke with me."

"What about you, Jimmy?" she asked.

"Oke," said Jimmy.

"Three sturdy okes together," she said, and put her arms around the both of us.

So everything just went ahead. On Friday we had a sell-out before the big iron gates opened. All the frills of the Junior League were taking up tickets and running around with programs and showing people where to sit and dashing up and down the aisles yelling hot dogs and peanuts and ice-cold pop.

For customers we had men and women from the highest society and the sportsmen's elements of the business world, and so on down to the usual thousands of wrastling fans. I always wonder where these last-named come from in the first place. And where do they go afterwards? All I know is that tonight the hillsides were squirming with them.

We had a couple of preliminary matches. Then the president of the Junior League came out with her megaphone to introduce the main bout. This was Miss Eddie. She wore a dress down to her feet and had her hair up. And she looked like a beautiful growed-up lady.

"Ladeeez and gentlemen!" Miss Eddie megaphoned to the crowds. "Making you acquainted with Xyzbiscuts the Terrible Pachyderm and Zymosis the Horrible Behemoth. Going in there at two eighty-five and two ninety-two pounds. Two maddened boys who detest each other, to grapple for the sake of hungry little babies, catch as catch can, no quarter given or asked, no holts barred. And may I merely add that it takes a wrastler to wrastle a wrastler!"

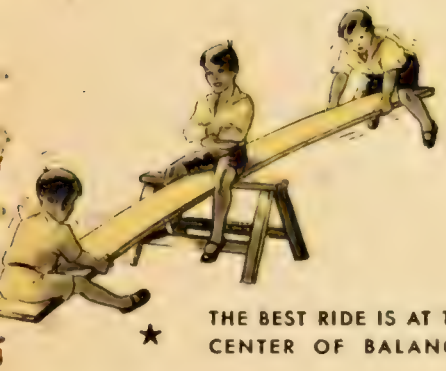
It was a nice little talk, and when she sat down beside Jimmy Kinsey the mob went crazy.

The boys were wearing their pink and green and yellow bath robes. They now stripped down to the buffers. Both glaring and snorting and working their hands. And then they went in, head on, grabbing each other by the backs of the neck. The crowd was up, yelling what to do. But what they did was to unexpectedly quit wrastling.

Did I ever tell you that both of these boys had been permanently mangled in some previous bouts? Xyzbiscuts had the scars of human teeth on the back of his neck, and Zymosis's legs had once been broken and never mended straight. *(Continued on page forty-two)*

AIRFLOW CHRYSLER

Floating on the Highway IS TEN YEARS AHEAD!



THE BEST RIDE IS AT THE CENTER OF BALANCE!

FLOATING on the water is old . . . floating on air is no longer novel . . . floating on the highway is the world's newest and most thrilling travel sensation.

The Floating Ride in the Airflow* Chrysler is based upon scientific laws of dynamic balance. The engine has been moved directly over the front axle. The rear seat is 20 inches forward of the rear axle. The passengers ride in the middle of the car . . . exactly at the center of balance.

With this distribution of weight, the action of the front springs never builds up any extra reaction in the rear. And the rate of spring action is slowed down . . . so that even sharp bumps in the road produce only a long, easy glide.

This relocation of body weights leads naturally to a genuine streamline body design.

The result is higher speeds with a tremendous saving of power . . . perfect ventilation without wind roar . . . and a new spaciousness which provides big wide doors, front and rear seats like divans, and room for an inside luggage compartment.

The interior of the Airflow Chrysler is as smart as a modern penthouse. Tubular chromium frames the seats. A new dustproof, washable material lends a new note to the roof treatment.

See the new Airflow Chrysler and ride in it. That experience will tell you better than words why it creates a ten-year advance in one master stroke of progress.

FLOATING RIDE BOOKLET FREE—Write for the interesting booklet which describes the romantic development of Floating Ride. Address the Chrysler Sales Corporation, 12200 East Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

*NAME COPYRIGHTED 1933—CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Four Distinctive 1934 MODELS

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW EIGHT . . . 122 horsepower and 123-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan, Brougham and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe.

CHRYSLER AIRFLOW IMPERIAL . . . 130 horsepower . . . 128-inch wheelbase. Six-passenger Sedan and Town Sedan, five-passenger Coupe.

AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL . . . 150 horsepower . . . 146-inch wheelbase . . . magnificently-styled, individualized body types.

1934 CHRYSLER SIX . . . With independently sprung front wheels . . . for a levelized, cushioned ride . . . 93 horsepower, 5 body models on 118-inch and 2 body models on 121-inch wheelbase.

(Continued from page forty) These two were now walking around each other, looking over these old-time marks of combat. And then both bellowed in some strange language and rushed together and grappled.

It looked to me for a second as though they had started using the teeth very early in the bout. But then I see how wrong I was. They weren't biting. They were only kissing one another. Zymosis, with that face which nobody could love, even in a mammy song. And Xyzbiscuts with his whiskers all curled for the occasion. These two oompahs were hugging and kissing one another.

The crowd didn't quite get it at first. And then they began to get it. Then we started in having rousing salvos and broadsides of ripe red raspberries and Whitechapel birds and Bronxlike greetings and salutations. And then the mob of wrastling enthusiasts began folding up their chairs so they would be handier to throw.

This Jimmy Kinsey turned out to be the real hero of the bout, no matter who gets the decision. He jumped up with the megaphone.

"One minute, folks!" he shouted. "I think they got each other wrong!" Then he jumped down into the tank.

The crowd by now was saying the quaintest things to our boys.

Jimmy and Zymosis and Xyzbiscuts were all talking together and waving their hands. Then Jimmy laughs. He whispered something in their ears, turn and turn about. After which he said something that both could hear. I didn't hear his words, but they must have been good. The two wrastlers had stopped their snuffling and schmoozling. And now they simply let out a couple of frightful roars and tore into one another. Like the newspapers had said about a scorpion and a tarantula.

Jimmy just barely got out of their way. And I gave him a hand out of the tank.

"That was a funny one!" he grinned. "They are long-lost brothers! Separated in their childhood. And only just found it out when they saw each other stripped."

"What?" gasped Miss Eddie.

"They tell me they once had a little childish bout," Jimmy said, "when they were boys together on the Volga. And Xyzbiscuts broke Zymosis's legs and Zymosis chawed a chunk out of Xyzbiscuts's neck. And now—after all these years—together once more. Isn't it beautiful?"

"How can they be brothers," I asked, "when one is Orchutts and the other is Oofs?"

"The way I figure it," said Jimmy, "the immigration bureau must have thought that Alvin Orchutts said Oofs. And so they let down the bars because they thought it would be a fine name for the telephone book—"

"Look!" cried Miss Eddie, pulling at my wrist. "Oh!"

I could see what she meant. The two boys down there were merely attempting a little murder and fratricide. That was all.

"WHAT words did you use, Jimmy Kinsey?" I marveled.

"Why," answered Jimmy, "I only asked Xyzbiscuts just what kind of a brother it would be who would chaw up your neck. And I asked Zymosis how often his brother had broke his legs. And then I asked 'em both who had won that Volga bout."

"So what we are looking at now," I gleaned, "is the finish of that boyish bout so far away and long ago."

"Oh!" Little Miss Eddie was whimpering. "Stop 'em!"

I have always held that it takes a wrastler to wrastle a wrastler. And I was betting my nickels and dimes that we could down or up this other boy at will. But I wasn't counting on their both going haywire. I guess Zymosis never knew any good holts. And now Xyzbiscuts had forgotten all he ever knew.

We didn't see any nelsons or hammer locks or cross buttockses or flying mares. They were just in there making up their grips as they went along. Right now one of them had invented the hoof-and-mouth coup, while the other was trying to use his antagonist's eyeholes for thumb holes like a bowling ball. It was the first athletic match I ever had a hand in that was strictly on the level. And I never felt so disgraced

Our referee was down on his knees to notify them of a half dozen fouls. And then he got somebody's foot in the face, and we had no more referee.

By this time Miss Eddie was motioning to the police lieutenant and his riot squad. She was only a girl, after all, and a woman's stomach is not hardened to sporting events like a man's.

The coppers took her at her word. And the full platoon went in there with their file closers. But I guess they would have had better luck if they were trying to untangle just a couple of good boa constrictors.

I mean there are a thousand places it would be wiser to be at your own risk instead of horning in on a fraternity. The coppers all piled down on top of our boys and then the pile exploded. Some of the officers flew the full length of the tank and some came clean into the audience.

And I don't think our boys even knew there had been any policemen. They were knocking tiles off the swimming pool with each other's heads, and at the same time were so twisted up together that if anything gave now they would crack in twenty places. Xyzbiscuts had Zymosis's leg fetched around once and a half at the hip socket, and held it thus with the tooth-and-toe lock while employing both hands for gouging. And Zymosis was merely bulldogging his brother, like they were a rodeo.

I COULD see now that we would soon have two cases of homicide on our hands. And the mob up there whooping their heads off. It just goes to show you that the public do not care for good clean science.

"Oh, oh!" moaned Miss Eddie.

But I told you she always has ideas. She jumped up and ran across to the inlet valve that fills the tank with water and opened her wide.

Mr. Curzon, her father, is not one to do things by halves. When he wants water in his swimming pool, he don't fool. It comes down from a cold spring reservoir in the hills, and it comes through a three-foot pipe.

We were so busy for a while saving cops from drowning that we didn't hardly notice what the boys were doing. When I finally looked, the water was up to their necks. And I guess they didn't even know it.

I guess they were back in the good old Volga once more as far as they were concerned, riding each other down. just to see who could take the most water in his lungs. In one big internecine embrace, as Jimmy Kinsey said.

But now somebody on the other side of the tank must have discovered the outlet valve and opened her up. I didn't quite see what happened. Except that the water began to whirl and swoosh around and go out through the lower pipe just as fast as it had come in from the upper one. Just one large rush down the drain, you might say. And before you could do anything about it we had no water left in the swimming pool, and we had no wrastlers either.

Well, sir, when at last we got down to the river where the tank empties out, we found the two boys along the bank of the stream, still trying to crawl at each other.

I made several tries at collecting my bets.

The next morning the papers said it was the finest athletic event that had ever been pulled off in town. They said it was not only wrastling—it was water polo; it was assassination; it was mayhem. It was everything.

So I went on out to Arcady Acres to collect my and Xyzbiscuts's split of the gate. The place looked like the state fair had come and gone. But Jimmy Kinsey and Miss Eddie were out in back, sitting on a stone bench.

"I have been made," Jimmy told me, "by last night's bout. I have had nine offers this morning for jobs as a publicity expert. But as long as I'm that good I thought I'd better start our own firm of specialists."

"Oh, yaas?" I said. "You and who else?"

"Eddie and I," he said, "went ahead last night and had it done. And today we are Kinsey & Kinsey."

"You don't mean it!" I congratulated them.

Then Eddie put her arm tight around Jimmy's neck and put her cheek up to his. "What do you think of this holt, Mr. Manager?" she asked me.

"Missus," I tell her, "you certainly know the best holts in the world today."

THE END

Light-Hearted, Lovelorn, Lonesome

Another Back-Stage "Musical," a Liberty Story, A Schoolgirl Romance, and a New Saga of the Bus Lines Find Their Place in the Films

By BEVERLY HILLS

Franchot Tone and Constance Bennett in a scene from the back-stage musical comedy Moulin Rouge.

(Reading time: 9 minutes 7 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ MOULIN ROUGE

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Franchot Tone, Tullio Carminati, Helen Westley, Andrew Tombes, Russ Brown, Hobart Cavanaugh, George Renevant, Fuzzy Knight, Russ Columbo, the Boswell Sisters. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

As long as producers feel obliged to stick to back-stage plots in which the heroine gets her big chance when the real star of the show-within-a-show fails to put in an appearance, the whole subject of musical comedies is going to be increasingly difficult for this department to deal with. The musical films of the past year have been so much alike that criticizing each one individually is a good deal like trying to review a line of radiator caps in an automobile assembly plant.

Besides making our job more difficult, back-stage plots have, it seems to us, two main disadvantages which may as well be stated here. In the first place, they lack by this time any possible trace of suspense, which is a valuable quality even in a musical picture where the story is not supposed to count. In the second place, their only real purpose is to "excuse" songs, because producers realize that in real life people do not habitually break into vocal music or time steps and it is felt that to have the characters in a picture do so elsewhere than in a theater would destroy illusion. Even if this were true—and it probably is not, since unexcused songs have always been part of the tradition of the theater—it seems to us that for nine musical films out of ten to tell the identical story is carrying the apology too far.

It is true, however, that if the public is once thoroughly trained never to expect a character in a picture to sing unless he or she is depicted in a show or at a rehearsal, unexcused songs will sound very weird indeed. In other words, unless some one thinks up a new plot for musical-comedy plot very shortly, back-stage stories will cease to be a cycle and become a permanent fixture—which will mean that musical comedies will presently disappear from the screen the way they did four years ago.

With this unlikely prophecy out of the way, it is only fair to say that Moulin Rouge dresses up its plot about as handsomely as possible. There is even a second plot, also an old favorite, about a wife who, to convince her husband she can act, impersonates a musical-comedy star—who, for reasons of her own, is eager to help the plan along. Naturally, the moment arrives when the husband (Franchot Tone) makes love to his wife under the impression that she is some one else, but Moulin Rouge contrives to give it a new angle.

The pleasantest thing about the picture is a certain light-heartedness that implies that no one in the story quite believes in it and that no one in the audience needs to either. Nunnally Johnson's dialogue is as funny as it should be, Constance Bennett has not one part but two that suit her perfectly, and there are two good songs: Coffee in the Morning, Kisses in the Night, and Boulevard of Broken Dreams.

★★★ HI, NELLIE

THE PLAYERS: Paul Muni, Glenda Farrell, Doug Dumbrille, Robert Barrat, Ned Sparks, Hobart Cavanaugh, Pat Wing, Edward Ellis, and others. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

It looked a year or two ago as though newspaper pictures were through. There had been pictures about reporters, sports writers, columnists, night city editors, and sob sisters. It appeared that there was nothing left, except possibly the operator of the freight elevator, when, last spring, Nathaniel West wrote a novel about a reporter who was assigned to write an advice-to-the-lovelorn column.

This achievement immediately revived the newspaper cycle. Darryl Zanuck made a hash out of Advice to the Lovelorn under the impression apparently that he couldn't use the story as it stood but that he had to use parts of it to get his money's worth out of the book. Hi, Nellie, which recently appeared in Liberty, dramatizes the same situation much more satisfactorily. Paul Muni is the editor whose employer hands him the lovelorn column as punishment for falling down on a story. Muni—like Lee Tracy in Advice to the Lovelorn—has to do the column to fulfill a contract and makes a good job of it without meaning to.

The new twist that Hi, Nellie gives the plot has to do with another story that Muni runs into by accident, when a girl walks into his office and asks him to talk to her father who has just ordered her to break her engagement. The picture turns suddenly into melodrama of the best graveyard-and-gangster school. That Muni acts it brilliantly goes without saying. Shots of a Merry-Go-Round café, which looks the way the real Merry-Go-Round in

Hi, Nellie features a heart-throb editor with Paul Muni as lead. With him is Glenda Farrell.

New York should look but doesn't, and a characteristic performance by Ned Sparks, who looks more like a reporter than any real one we have ever seen, supply the trace of authenticity that the story lacks. Mervyn Le Roy's direction is fast. The city room looks as though the reporters in it might be writing stories—although when Muni uses a typewriter he puts in only one sheet of paper.

★★ EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT

THE PLAYERS: Dorothy Wilson, Douglass Montgomery, Kay Johnson, Barbara Barondess, Ferike Boros, Walter Connolly, James Bush, and others. Directed by Richard Wallace.

Richard Wallace's direction and a beautiful performance by Dorothy Wilson give this little picture a charm which is sometimes reminiscent of Maedchen in Uniform, the film it was derived from. It has one quality that most imitations lack: an unexpected sincerity which creeps into the little love story of a schoolgirl and a chemistry student in a near-by college, making it at moments touching and alive.

This is about all that can be said for Eight Girls in a Boat, which Paramount is advertising for some reason as though it were a musical comedy. The truth is that the situation of a schoolgirl with an unsympathetic father who suddenly learns that she is going to have a baby does not blend with the atmosphere of dormitory singing bee and picnics on the beach with which it is surrounded for the sake of pathetic incongruity.

The result is that Eight Girls in a Boat is more of a mess than a masterpiece. Good shot: Douglass Montgomery trying to ask Walter Connolly for permission to marry his daughter.

★½ CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE

THE PLAYERS: Lew Ayres, June Knight, Alice White, Allan Dinehart, Minna Gombell, Eugene Pallette, Arthur Vinton, Robert McWade, and others. Directed by Edward Buzzell.

Cross Country Cruise is a cross-country-bus picture that should have been arrested for speeding. In the effort, obviously, to beat Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Fugitive Lovers to the street with a melodrama laid in a *char-à-bancs*, Director Buzzell had to fit together an uneasy collection of narratives that appear to have been left over from all the hotel, station-waiting-room, ocean-liner, and office-building pictures you have ever seen.

The situation at the start of the bus trip is as follows: A rich young man (Lew Ayres) has fallen for a pretty girl (June Knight) who is the mistress of a crook (Allan Dinehart) whose wife (Minna Gombell) suspects him of cheating. All this ought to furnish some excitement, but you get the unfortunate impression that the passengers are squirming in their seats, like the audiences at the picture, more from boredom than from nervous pressure. The deaths start in Chicago.

Somewhere in the prairie districts, police board the bus and everything is straightened out, curiously enough, when June Knight punctures the carcass of a dead steer with a bow and arrow. The picture is a passable quickie.

SCREEN COMMENTS

June Knight's real name is Margaret Rose Valliket. She comes from Glendale, California. She learned to dance to improve her health, got a job in movie-theater prologues, came East to be in the chorus of Fifty Million Frenchmen, became the dancing partner of John Holland, who gave her the name of June Knight because it had belonged to his previous partner. She claims her romance with Max Baer last summer was purely for publicity.

Paul Muni (real name: Muni Weisenfreund) acted with the Yiddish Art Theater in New York for twenty years before his stage performance in Counsellor-at-Law made him famous. Recognized as the most versatile character actor in Hollywood, he recently decided that his whole career was a mistake, that he had no talent, that the only good actors are comedians and that he wants to be one. He said: "It [character acting] doesn't show versatility, only good make-up. Emotionally, it is the same whether you play an old man or a young man. I feel that I am trying futilely to convince people that I am what I pretend, and I feel that I am failing."

Constance Bennett got $1,000,000 from her first husband, Paul Plant. Her ambition is to earn another million of her own. She is prouder of her business ability than of her acting. All the same, she never stops acting. Her best performances are given in theater lobbies at first-night performances, where she makes a practice of arriving late and talking louder than any one else. In Hollywood she is generally disliked because her attitude implies that she is a lady and that Hollywood is a slum.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory, Berkeley Square, F. P. 1, Lady for a Day.

★★★—Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons, Turn Back the Clock, One Man's Journey, Night Flight, Broadway to Hollywood, Paddy the Next Best Thing, Morning Glory, The Man Who Dared, Another Language, Double Harness.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—How did Liberty Magazine gets its name?
2—Who was it said, "Give me liberty, or give me death"?
3—Where do we find the phrase, "Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"?
4—Who gave the Statue of Liberty to the United States?
5—What is a libertine?
6—Why was Liberia given that name?
7—How many United States post offices bear the name Liberty?
8—What is the difference between liberty and license?
9—What Shakespearean play contains the line, "I must have liberty"?
10—What is a liberty book on shipboard?
11—What is a liberty cap?
12—Who was Libertas?
13—When did the United States have a Liberty Party?
14—What is libertarianism?
15—What is the allusion in the phrase, "sweet land of liberty"?
16—How many words, approximately, are in an average copy of Liberty?
17—What building in the United States is known as the Cradle of Liberty?
18—What and where is the Liberty Bell?
19—What was the Liberalia?
20—What does the word liberalize mean?

(Answers will be found on page 59)

NUMBER TWELVE IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY EMINENT WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"Keep colds and grippe *outside* by proper home disinfection"

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Dr. Margaret B. C. Manus . . . leading physician of Amsterdam, on staff of Municipal Hospital, Boerhave Hospital, and State Hygienic Service.

"Ask your doctor whether there is a quick, magic cure for common colds, grippe and influenza, he'll answer promptly, 'No.' Those three highly infectious ills still baffle medical science . . . kill thousands . . . cost millions.

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(Signed) DR. MARGARET B. C. MANUS

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Physicians of leading nations have endorsed and recommended "Lysol" as a safe and effective method for feminine hygiene. "Lysol" kills germs anywhere . . . even in the presence of organic matter. Yet it is safe and gentle to the most sensitive tissue.

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Please send me your three health brochures—"Keeping a Healthy Home," "Marriage, Hygiene," "[illegible] for Mothers."

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The Real Tragedy of DOUG and MARY

(Reading time: 21 min. 55 sec.)

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

An Intimate Revelation of the Things that Wrote Finis to the Twentieth Century's Most Famous Love Story

By

ADELA ROGERS St. JOHNS

IT was a great event for Hollywood when the doors of Pickfair at last swung open.

Now at last Hollywood had a royal family of its own. An invitation to Pickfair was equal in the picture colony to being presented at the Court of St. James's. Up to that time there had been some social life in Hollywood. But there had been no Society, no Hollywood Social Register.

Now suddenly there was a full gold dinner service. There were footmen in knee breeches and gold-braided coats. There were engraved menus. A new era began.

When Mary discovered upon her trip to England with Doug in 1924 that her husband was no longer content with the quiet life they had lived, that he wanted to entertain at Pickfair the visiting royalty and nobility and the celebrities who came to Hollywood, something very like a panic beset her.

But it wasn't long before she acquired all the arts of perfect social leadership. The little Irish girl whose father had been purser on a lake steamboat and whose mother had taken lodgers, the girl who for all her fame had avoided people, emerged a great lady with clothes by Lanvin and perfect jewels and a talent for conversation.

Oh, she did the whole thing so well that every one began to think that it was Mary who was excited about entertaining the Princess Bibesco and Anthony Asquith and Prince George of England and the Crown Prince of Sweden and the Duke of Sutherland and Lord and Lady Mountbatten and the King and Queen of Siam.

Actually it was Douglas who had opened the doors of Pickfair. Events have proved that. Since their separation, Mary goes about her work, stays in America, and at her home entertains only those friends for whom she really cares. While it is Douglas who has gone to England, is seen with the Prince of Wales on the golf links, has been rumored in love with lovely ladies of title, Lady Mountbatten and Lady Ashley.

The truth is that Mary shed many tears over the passing of the dear days when she and Doug were all in all to each other. She had thought of her life as full, as complete.

There was only one thing that Mary desired to make it perfect—and that was not society.

With all her soul she desired a child.

When Mary was making Little Lord Fauntleroy there was a persistent rumor that soon an heir would arrive in the famous household. Reporters harassed Mary, daily rumors were printed. I went out on her set one day to find out for myself.

Mary stood and looked at me for a long moment.

"It isn't true," she said. "I only wish it were. Don't they realize how it tortures me to keep asking, to keep saying that I am going to have a baby—when it isn't true, when it won't ever be true?"

Douglas was very tender with her then. It was hope denied for him too.

Tall dark stately young Gwynne Pickford, just turned eighteen, the only child of Mary's sister Lottie, has almost taken the place of the child Mary longed for—almost, but not quite.

They say, many of them, that today at forty Mary stands alone. I don't think they would say that if they knew Mary.

"I have the greatest thing in the world," Mary said once, when she had read something like that about herself. "The greatest thing in the world! I am beginning at last to understand what love really is."

In 1928, when Mary had lost her mother, she and Douglas made a trip around the world. Like each trip they made, it had dramatic consequences.

It was a magnificent tour. And yet it was the same old story.

Jack Pickford, Mary's adored little brother, went with them on a large part of it. One night at our house in Malibu, Jack described much of that trip. His imitation of Doug's mannerisms and swift movements was priceless; his imitations of Mary were so perfect that sometimes you forgot it was not Mary herself. As he talked, you saw Doug, flashing the famous smile, leaping about from pillar to post, receiving homage, having the time of his life. Never still, never alone, never seeing a darn' thing but always doing something. And Mary, gra-

Acme photo

In Switzerland on their tour of the world in 1928—a tour that was to have fateful consequences.

Their last photograph together, taken at the costume party she gave on his return from China. Above: in Secrets, the picture into which she "poured her own secret and her own heartbreak."

cious, a little bewildered, growing more and more tired, following him everywhere, trying to laugh and almost ready to cry.

Once, on their honeymoon, an excited master of ceremonies at a public gathering introduced Doug as "Mr. Pickford." Doug didn't mind. He laughed. He used often to refer to himself as the president of the Husbands of Famous Wives Club. He was too big to resent a slip like that. But Mary resented it and she was afraid of it. Horribly afraid. So always she tried to get into the background.

Probably she spoiled him. That is one of Mary's real faults. She spoils people. And then she is aghast and suffers because they are spoiled and a little selfish and thoughtless. She spoils them as she spoiled Jack and Lottie and even Douglas, and then she still wants, in the sweetest way in the world, to be boss. It won't work, somehow. She knows that now.

The round-the-world trip did something to Mary.

She just didn't want to travel any more.

She just didn't want to travel that way ever again. She felt that she couldn't stand it.

More than that, she didn't want to leave Hollywood and her home.

To understand what befell Doug and Mary it is necessary to understand something of the difference in their attitude toward Hollywood and motion pictures.

Douglas came to Hollywood from the stage when he was past thirty. Born in Denver as Douglas Ullman, there was Jewish blood in his veins and he early determined upon success, outstanding success. Furthermore, he adored the footlights—and the spotlight. He had the true actor's temperament.

MARIE DRESSLER got Doug his first chance at pictures, though very few people know it.

Marie was then becalmed between her stage fame and her movie comeback. But she was much beloved in New York and still had great influence. Douglas and his first wife, Beth Sully, were living in the same hotel with her, and Doug literally didn't know where he was going to get the money to pay his next hotel bill. And one day he confided his troubles to Marie. She was inspired to suggest pictures to him. She made an appointment for him with a manager then financially powerful in pictures and sent her own manager, Jim Dalton, with him.

On the way over to the office Doug said nervously, "Think two hundred a week is too much to mention?"

"Ask 'em a thousand," said Dalton. "You can always come down."

So young Fairbanks asked for a thousand and got it, and with it his chance in Hollywood.

But Douglas came to pictures when they were already a big and established industry. He came for money, and later saw how much greater fame they could bring. They

were his second love and a means rather than an end.

With Mary it was different, how different it is almost impossible to realize.

No one has ever loved motion pictures as Mary loved them, and still does. She grew up with them. They were her life. Motion-picture people were "her people."

Until the time came when the decision actually faced her, I don't suppose Mary ever in her life imagined herself separated from pictures, ever for a moment dreamed that such a thing could happen.

It was before the trip around the world that the greatest blow of Mary's life befell her. Her mother died.

I have often thought that if Charlotte Pickford had lived there would have been no separation between Doug and Mary. For Charlotte and Douglas were close friends, and Charlotte would have seen clearly in the confusion and crisis, where Mary's eyes were blinded by love.

When Mary's great fame began to dim at the same time her marriage began to be shadowed, Charlotte was gone.

In the days when Mrs. Pickford fought her last brave fight against the illness that killed her—and only those who saw her know what a brave fight that was—Mary turned completely to a new faith.

It was her first step toward the faith she holds today, the new philosophy of life that is giving her courage at this moment.

Her mother must be healed. She must try with everything in her to believe anything that might help her mother now that the doctors had admitted defeat.

Faith could heal. It had healed in the time of Jesus. God hadn't intended that humanity should be sick and suffering. God couldn't want her mother, who was so good and so kind, to be in pain, to die when she was needed so greatly. It was a mistake and it must be corrected.

With infinite patience Mary thought her way through to the new belief that was dawning upon her.

In the dark night hours, long after Douglas lay asleep at her side, Mary searched the Bible, she turned the pages of the writings of the great sages and philosophers and teachers of the ages.

Many nights she knelt until dawn at her window, praying for her mother.

"Father, I can of mine own self do nothing, but you can do anything and everything. God's life is my life and my mother's life and it will be done unto her according as I believe. My faith shall make her whole. Thought is a creative force and right thought is a power. My thought now creates perfect health for my dear mother."

It was new to her and she stumbled. But she drank it in as a flower drinks rain. She felt like a child who had come home. Her first steps were halting. But she took them bravely. She didn't understand very much, but she had faith and she prayed for more faith. "'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief.'"

SHE smiled. She was outwardly confident and sure. Her words were brave. But suddenly she would find herself weeping, her vivid imagination overcome by visions of her mother's suffering, by the terrible horror of losing that best beloved.

And she would cry her heart out in Douglas's arms, and then start all over again.

For a time after her mother's death it seemed that she could not go on.

But she had learned something, she was sure this was the right path, and in the days of black grief it brought her solace and hope for the future.

And she needed all her strength, all her faith. For soon she faced what was to her an incredible and unbelievable thing.

Douglas wanted to retire.

More than that, he wanted Mary to give up pictures.

And he wanted to sell Pickfair and travel and spend at least part of the time living abroad.

In all fairness to Douglas, his desires were normal and honest and right. He had no idea of leaving Mary. No thought of separation. He still loved her.

But the very idea filled Mary with dread, with bitter unhappiness. She could not—oh, she could not—go with him.

When rumors that all was not well with Hollywood's ideal marriage began to be whispered, as early as 1930, the movie colony was incredulous.

Mary and *Doug?* It couldn't be. What had happened? Why, Mary and Doug adored each other—there had never been a quarrel, never a word, in ten years!

Yet it is plain that as the years passed, Doug and Mary grew apart; that as the middle period of life loomed, their goals and ideals and ways of living divided instead of merging. Those traits in each that were most different developed most strongly.

As Mary found herself slipping into the background of screen greatness, the fighting Irish girl of fifteen years before reappeared in her. Now, if ever, her work needed all her force and all her intelligence.

Under her problems and tragedies she grew more serious. The death of her mother had been so cruel a blow that it was a long time before she fully recovered from it, and turned for comfort to religious study.

AT that time she was definitely miserable about her brother Jack. Next to her mother and Douglas, Mary worshiped the boy. Yet she saw him gradually going downhill, broken with dissipation and indulgence, standing amid the ruins of what might have been a great career.

Mary had spoiled him outrageously. Jack must have the finest automobile in Hollywood. Jack must have a membership in the Lambs Club while he was in his teens. If he married some gorgeous beauty—Olive Thomas, Marilyn Miller, Mary Mulhern—and could not support his wife, there was Mary with open hand and full purse.

In her warm-hearted generosity, her idolatry of this charming boy who could coax a bird off a tree and was irresistible to women, it was a long time before Mary realized that she was ruining him, and then it was too late. And the burden of self-condemnation and remorse that came was a terrible thing for her to bear.

All these things coincided with an entirely different phase in the life and development of Douglas Fairbanks.

Douglas was now approaching fifty.

It seemed suddenly to dawn upon him that perhaps there was a great deal of life that he was missing.

Now it is absolutely true that in all things Mary *tried* for ten years to do as Douglas wished her to do.

And yet—and yet—Mary was still boss. Her will prevailed. She had always bossed everything. Royal command, however gracious, had become second nature to her. And as Doug said with a grin, "She could run anything from a tugboat to a World War."

So it was instinctive and inevitable that whenever Mary didn't actually stop to *think*, she should boss Doug.

Mary's personality pervaded Pickfair. Her standard of conduct was as rigid as that of the other Queen Mary who sat on the English throne. Today Mary has grown more tolerant, more understanding, but for a great part of her life she was actually puritanical in her views and formal in her conduct. That puritanism and formality dominated their life.

One day in Douglas's famous gymnasium and steam bath, which was a sort of club for all the important men on the United Artists lot, Doug was getting ready for a steam. He was stripped, and his body, though he was well past forty, was like some Grecian statue in strength and beauty. Jack Pickford, clad only in a towel, walked across the room to ring for a highball. Doug looked at the slim young man, who even then was marked for the early death that claimed him a year or two later.

"I don't know why you don't fall apart, Jack," said Doug, who had always been a little impatient of Mary's spoiled and adored young brother. "You're in such rotten shape I don't know what holds you together. You're fifteen years younger than I am, and look at you."

Jack, highball in hand, gave the famous Fairbanks an impudent grin.

"Yeah?" he said. "But look at the fun I've had. You've kept in condition. I've lived. I wouldn't trade you even right now, Fairbanks. You'll go out saying, 'I wish I had'; and I'll go out saying, 'I didn't miss anything.'"

Doug stood watching him for a moment through nar-

rowed eyes. "If I thought you were right," he said slowly, "I'd break your young neck."

Jack flipped him a gamin salute. "I'm right, sweetheart," he said, and vanished into the bath.

Jack's impudence was pure teasing; he had always delighted in teasing Doug. No one knew better than Jack the price he was paying for not missing anything. But his wisecracking stirred a strange doubt, a new mood, that was beginning to grow upon Fairbanks.

For years the great athletic star had lived "in training." He hadn't taken a drink for years. He rarely smoked. He went to bed on time and got up early, exercised systematically, ate carefully. Dissipation of any kind was unknown to him.

He worked off his surplus energy—and Douglas Fairbanks had more energy than any human being I have ever encountered—in games and gags.

All this, with Mary's rigid standards and his utter fidelity to her, had made his life one of almost monastic simplicity.

Suddenly a doubt, almost a hunger, seemed to take possession of him. Was he missing things? Were there other things in life than work and physical condition—and marriage? For all his seeming dominance, was he really under Mary's pretty thumb, as many believed?

Youth was slipping from him. He was approaching middle age—old age. Soon the last flame and flare and spark of youth would go out.

WHEN the facts and figures from the box office began to prove that the great days of Fairbanks and Pickford were over, Douglas faced the fact squarely and almost welcomed it.

Of course they were still stars and could make pictures and the pictures would make money.

But why not play instead? Retire gracefully at the top, and have the freedom and fun which neither of them had ever known?

After all, why should they live in Hollywood?

"Come with me, Mary, and we'll see the world. We'll have our playtime, you and I."

His heart wasn't broken. The world was still full of a number of things. Mountains to climb, tigers to shoot, celebrities to enjoy. Why not?

There was another and a deeper thing that touched him and that few people realized.

He hated to see Mary suffer, he hated to see her struggle against the inevitable tide of time. It hurt him that she was being hurt. He wanted to take her away from it all.

"We'll live in England for a while," he told her, "in a country house. We'll find out how people live in many countries. We'll travel and we won't work. We've worked like slaves in a mine. That's over."

Many people, many of Mary's own friends, saw it as he did.

Even today people in Hollywood

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. . . and still keep a fresh, cool mouth

Often cap the day with late reading and smoking? That's a grand time to know Spuds!

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say, " Why doesn't Mary retire gracefully? She's got all the money she needs—she could do anything she wants to do. Why doesn't she quit? "

That's all very well at first glance, but when you stop to examine it you will see how ridiculous it is.

Why in the world should Mary Pickford retire? She is in the very prime of her life and power. She has a name that is known to every city and village on the globe.

It may be that she needs a new medium of expression, it may be that she must start at the bottom of some new field and work her way again to the peak, but to speak of her retiring is absurd.

She can't quit because there is no quit in her. She never quit in her life and she hasn't learned how.

When Douglas first presented to her the idea, she was utterly flabbergasted.

More than that, you must remember that not for one instant did Mary face the fact that unless she went with him, he would go alone. It never appeared possible to her that she must choose between her love for Douglas and everything else in her life that was vital to her.

At that time she simply wanted to stay and fight the thing out in Hollywood.

The longing for a home had grown with the years. Now, at last, she had one, and with it she had the work and career that had become so powerful a second nature with her.

She had them both. Was she to give them both up?

Give up Pickfair with all its memories? Her heart broke at the thought.

Go to live among strangers?

Time had overcome somewhat her fear of strangers, of meeting new people. But she had never liked it.

Give up Hollywood, her people, her work?

But she wanted to work! She loved her work as a man loves his work or his art.

IF she had known, actually known, that her decision was between Douglas and her work, she would have gone with Douglas. That is sure. But she didn't know.

To herself she said, " It is a phase. It will pass. I will give him all the freedom he wants. He loves me, as I love him. He will come back to me."

And she believed, with all the sincerity of her heart, that what she was doing was best for both of them.

For ten years they had never been separated.

On April 25, 1930, Douglas went to England for the Walker Cup matches —alone. It was a short trip. He enjoyed the golf, he was a social lion. He adored it. But he was lonely for Mary. He hurried home to her, and for the last time they found themselves happy in their love.

In England there had been rumors that Douglas had fallen in love with Lady Mountbatten. And at home Mary knew for the first time the pangs of jealousy. But Douglas came back—he still loved her—men behaved like that at Doug's time of life —all would be well—

On January 2, 1931, Douglas Fairbanks, with Victor Fleming and Chuck Lewis, sailed for the Orient and arrived back in the United States in the fall.

On February 17, 1932, Douglas sailed for the South Seas. He came back in August long enough for the Olympic Games, and on August 25 he sailed for China to hunt long-haired tigers.

Mary suddenly grew panicky. For now things were different when he came home. The charm had been broken. They found barriers between them.

In many ways Mary tried to fill her life.

She went on with her work, trying to find stories, making Secrets and pouring into it all her own " secret " and all her own heartbreak.

AND in some pathetic way she concentrated upon Pickfair. The attic rooms were transformed with all Doug's personal treasures, gifts made for them and presented to them in China and Japan. In a desperate attempt to meet his need for gayety, she made the big basement over into a bar, and when Douglas came back from tiger-shooting, she gave him the gayest sort of a costume party to christen it, with the gayest crowd she could gather, and Charlie Chaplin there to make it like old times.

She was attempting, as many a wife has done, to make home so attractive to him that he would never care to wander again.

She remodeled Pickfair, to make it lovelier than any home he had visited in his travels.

But though she occupied her time, she was very lonely.

The newspapers printed rumors that young Buddy Rogers was filling the place that Doug left vacant. It was true that Buddy adored Mary. And Mary, now terribly afraid, warmed her cold heart at the fire of his youthful devotion for a little while.

But there was no love affair in Mary's life. She had always been a one-man woman. There was only one man in her life and he had a great influence upon her and a great effect upon her.

His name was Allan Boone. A handsome silver-haired man with an almost saintly face, a quiet voice, a gentle manner. In many ways he was rather like a cardinal of old-time fiction, the prince of the blood who has become a prince of the Church. Though he was not officially a churchman, he was in fact a priest of the new school, a metaphysician of remarkable understanding and power, a man with a wonderful grasp of all the theories of this new religion that was bringing Mary the only comfort and help she knew.

Few people who went to Pickfair met Allan Boone. His time was de

voted to healing work, to helping the poor and the sick and lifting the sinner from despair. But he was at Pickfair almost every day as Mary's spiritual adviser.

He was her teacher and guide upon the new pathway of life which she had determined to walk.

When Douglas sailed for China in August, 1932, he asked Allan Boone to go with him. Douglas had the greatest admiration for this devout man who could shoot golf like a professional, ride anything on four legs, and shoot as well as Douglas himself. He believed in his sincerity. Perhaps all three of them hoped that from that trip would come some light that would lead to a reconciliation. Mary hoped that Douglas would turn to this new philosophy of hers.

What Doug hoped, no one knew.

But it was too late to bring Doug and Mary together again. The breach was too wide. The fire was out. The magic had departed.

Douglas went to England in January of last year. A few months later Mary joined him in Italy, where they visited in the beautiful Italian Renaissance palace of the Countess di Frasso.

They saw each other after that in Hollywood. Mary left suddenly for New York. Douglas took a plane and joined her at Albuquerque and they rode to New York together. A few days later Doug sailed again for England. Mary has never seen him nor heard from him since.

THE great romance of our age ended without a final curtain. It ended without a last farewell. I think perhaps Douglas Fairbanks could not have borne to *say* that good-by to the woman he had loved so madly and so dearly for so many years.

Even though they have parted, Doug must know that never again will he love any one as he loved his Mary. Across the miles that divide them now and the wastes of misunderstanding he must look upon her as the great love of his whole life, and regret that of that splendid flame he has now nothing but ashes.

Just before Mary sailed for Italy to be with Doug for what proved to be their last days together, she said to me:

"For a long time I have been trying to see my way. It isn't very clear yet. But I am happy—I shall never be really unhappy again. I know at last that happiness is my divine heritage. I shall find my work. I shall be guided to it, and when I find it I shall be given strength to do it."

So Mary today stands at a new beginning—her life is, truly, beginning again at forty. If you could talk with her, see her brave eyes and her courageous smile, you would be sure of that.

Five years from now, or ten, I hope I shall be able to write another story of Mary Pickford. It will, I am sure, be worth telling. For Mary's greatest years lie ahead.

THE END

"She was 47 years old —had Chronic Constipation"

● "After the birth of her children," reports Dr. Zimmer (at right), "this patient developed very obstinate constipation. She tried all the different purgatives.

"I prescribed yeast.* In three weeks her intestines were working perfectly. *Her health improved tremendously.*"

—*reports* DR. ZIMMER, *of Berlin*

DR. ARNOLD ZIMMER is head of the Division for Metabolism at the Hubertus Hospital in Berlin-Schlachtensee. He is one of Germany's most prominent medical authorities.

"Nothing undermines health so quickly," states Dr. Zimmer, "as chronic constipation. Warnings of this trouble are headaches, coated tongue, irritability, skin troubles . . .

"I oppose harsh laxatives. Fresh yeast —a corrective food—helps the intestines to *help themselves* . . . restores normal action. *Its action is gentle and natural.*"

When you eat Fleischmann's Yeast you act to free your system of the poisons that may be keeping *you* from perfect health. Fleischmann's Yeast "tones"—stimulates —purifies the entire digestive system.

Try Fleischmann's Yeast—3 cakes a day, following the directions on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains almost everywhere.

Won't you start to eat it now?

● "I suffered from constipation for years," *writes* Mrs. Mary Ryder, *of Baker, Ore.* "I tried almost every sort of laxative and cathartic. Our doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast. My elimination became regular."

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VOX POP

FROM CLEAR-THINKING MR. VANDERLIP

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am obliged to you for the admirable editorial, Greatest Menace to Prosperity, in Liberty of December 2.

The administration had two objectives in mind, apparently. It was desired to raise prices in order to get a more equable relation between the debt structure and the price level. It was also believed necessary to raise wages in order to create an effective purchasing power capable of absorbing the industrial output.

The raising of wages added materially to the fixed charges of industry, and at once necessitated a still higher level of prices. This has thrown an added burden into the problem of raising the price level to a point which will leave the debt structure bearable and permit creditors to collect.

There is great need for clearer thinking than is being done in regard to the administration's policy of depreciating the dollar in terms of gold in order to raise prices to a point which will make the debt structure bearable. The NRA has complicated the problem very much. Your editorial, it seems to me, contributes toward the clearer thinking which is necessary.—*Frank A. Vanderlip.*

DON'T TELL ANYBODY, VIRGINIA; WE MAY SURPRISE YOU

AKRON, OHIO—Hurrah! At last you finally put To the Ladies! in the front of your magazine—even before the table of contents in your issue of January 6. Let's keep it there!

I think Adela Rogers St. Johns is a wonderful writer and her article The Private Life of Katharine Hepburn was splendid. I am in favor of more articles of this nature. Why not give us the life story of Mae West? Everybody should appreciate articles like these when they can get the inside story of the stars through Liberty.—*Virginia L. Anderson.*

BENNY FRIEDMAN PRAISES ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA IDEA

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I think your idea for the All-America team is great. You have something for Liberty that all other periodicals have been trying to achieve and have fallen far short of. It is one idea that is All-America.

There is much interesting data embodied in the information gleaned from the football men. Of paramount importance is the sense of values exhibited by the various individuals they selected on the basis of fundamentals, not flashy publicity. The boys in the thick of the fight know first-hand who can block and who can tackle. They do not follow the ball from the standpoint of the spectator. They have work to do and therefore are interested in their job—and the jobs of the boys opposed to them.

It was fine to note that in the backfield the most highly publicized player received the smallest percentage of votes in the first-string backfield. This was so because in a couple of very necessary fundamentals he was lacking.

In your way of picking an All-America team a fellow's true worth is given full value. I believe that every football player, coach, and official will heartily indorse your idea.—*Benny Friedman.*

★ ★ ★ ★

CAN YOU TELL US?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I have followed the editorials and articles in Liberty on business and government with great interest. Liberty has always seemed to be a magazine for the people.

Since I am one of the people—not a communist or a radical, but a workingman—I am asking a few questions that I am sure every one would like to have answered.

1. May we hope to have an efficient, economical government as long as public offices and positions are passed around to the loyal politicians instead of to loyal patriots and capable people?

2. Assuming that party politics is the best method of electing the men we want in the positions of responsibility, is it not possible to eliminate the colossal vote-buying patronage?

3. Would it be practical to make laws limiting the number of government employees to be changed during each administration?

4. If this could be done, would the people's interest in government tend more toward patriotism?

5. Could we not have eliminative examinations for all public positions, with the exception of the major offices, where party principles are involved?

6. Is our government flexible enough to keep up with the rapid development of the people?

7. Does the making of more laws and more bureaus meet this rapid development?

8. How can we cleanse our judicial system?

9. A very noted socialist author recently used the following argument in regard to labor and capitalism in the present profit system:

The capitalist invests money in production. The products are sold for a certain amount. Out of this return, part is paid to labor, part to productive costs and material; the rest is profit for the producer or capitalist. As long as this percentage of profit exists, the laborer can never make his income equal his production.

10. Has the machine put us out of work? Men are going to work now. Conditions are undergoing noticeable improvement. But—are we going back to operating the same machines that put us out of work in the first place? Building more machines?

11. Will this make a prosperity of short duration or is it possible to reach and maintain a lasting level between prosperity and depression?

12. We know that patented inventions are kept from the market. Some of these patents, if produced, would make more unemployment. *Do we have to slow the development of civilization to get enough to eat?*

13. If the machine has caused our trouble, can we turn the tables and make it work for us?

14. The machine has made itself a major part of our civilization. Can we just turn back the clock and get rid of it?—*Herold F. Marting.*

Mr. Marting gets $25 for the above. Liberty will pay $25 for every communication which the editors think sufficiently outstanding to be published as a Four-Star Letter. We don't guarantee to print one every week; but when we get them we'll publish and pay for them.

★ ★ ★ ★

JUST A SMART WORM

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—What is Liberty trying to do, drive its readers crazy? Your new puzzle feature by F. Gregory Hartswick in January 6 Liberty is all right, but tell me—how was the worm able to get in the first page of Volume I without traveling more than three and a half inches?—*L. P.*

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Didn't you read the answer on page 52 of the same issue?]

GUNS WITHOUT MEN?

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—In regard to the article entitled The American Army Stands Ready, by Harry H. Woodring, Assistant Secretary of War, in your January 6 issue:

The author states that our army is ready for defense at any time. If Mr. Woodring will look up the records of the Presidio in San Francisco he will find that a great many of our long-range gun pits are empty, and there are not enough men to man the guns that are still there. Also they do not have target practice, due to this shortage of men.—*W. J. Amonino.*

SWEET ARE THE USES OF LIBERTY

LOUISVILLE, KY.—I noticed this ad in our paper the Herald-Post of January 4:

"Liberty magazines—Twenty for 10 lbs. sugar or other groceries, fruits or potatoes. MEYERS, 1545 E. Washington."

After having been read from cover to cover, they are still good for something!—*L. W.*

OUR REPUTATION IS SAVED

LETHBRIDGE, ALTA.—You are beginning to show promise. The Octavus Roy Cohen story, which I have been following in serial form, redeems your reputation for you, as far as I am concerned.

Give me advance notice when his next piece of fiction begins and I shall pay double for it. Mr. Cohen writes stories! He always did, and he always will.—*Russell Wiber.*

HONESTLY, HE WAS WAITING FOR A STREET CAR

FORT WORTH, TEX.—Why don't you publish the photograph of the who-is-it who times the tales?

I am a strap-hanger. I ride home with a veteran conductor who is never late. Old Reliable picks me up downtown on the dot and reaches my stop on the split second. Yesterday I arrived at the car stop six minutes early, January 20 Liberty in one hand, watch in the other.

I wasted all except the time required to read To the Ladies! and as I neared the finish line I heard the car approaching, stepped aboard on the last word. Considered his running time to home wasted, all except the time required to read New York Must Clean House! Nearing the finish line, I rang the bell, stepped off the car on the last word. Believe it or not, I rode the wrong car, got off at the wrong stop, and was lost.

It's mutiny—'at's what it is—mutiny! —*Thomas C. Browne.*

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, AND BALONEY DOLLARS

WINNIPEG, MAN.—As your publication circulates among such a cross section of humanity, I realize how varied and divergent the contents of each issue must be. Liberty is read with equal interest by rich man and poor man; gentleman and farmer; financial magnate and unemployed; preacher and prattler; rabid prohibitionist and drinker heavy and moderate; gangster and politician; law enforcer and law evader; materialist and sentimentalist; inflationist and sound-money man; Democrat and Republican; socialist and freethinker; baloney-dollar man and controlled-currency advocate; adult and minor. It is, in fact, a magazine of, for, and by the people!—*F. A. Winsor.*

YOU VOX POPPERS ARE EDUCATING SOUTH AFRICA

BLOEMFONTEIN, SOUTH AFRICA — I hope you will not regard me as impudent for writing to you, but the first thing that strikes me about Liberty is the very striking covers, and I think I may say that it is almost on a par with the Passing Show in that respect. The next thing is the *Reading time: – minutes – seconds.* I think it is a very sound scheme. It is something one never sees in South African or English publications.

The Twenty Questions item is also of great interest to me and it is about the first thing I look at. The Vox Pop is very amusing to me as a South African, because the expressions used are unheard of here.—*A Friend from South Africa.*

FOR AN EMBARGO ON ARMS

PENFIELD, PA.—If this nation as a nation is opposed to war, then we have no right to sell the tools wherewith war is waged. Let us rather go on record now, when actual warfare has not developed, to the effect that in any future conflict the United States will declare an embargo on all shipments of war materials. —*Howard G. Lambert.*

A SNOWSTORM BROUGHT IT TO A POET'S MIND, TOO

WICHITA, KAN.—For a week I've been subconsciously repeating, "Wore ermine too dear for an earl." It is from a poem describing a snowstorm—at least, a snowstorm brought it to my mind. Some Vox Pop reader ought to be able to tell me who wrote it and where it can be found.—*Beckley Chapman.*

[Vox Pop can tell you. The author was James Russell Lowell and he called it The First Snowfall.]

HOW ABOUT A THRILLING CRUISE WITH FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN IN HIS GREAT SERIAL, DESTROYER? THAT WILL KEEP YOU UP IN THE AIR, ANDRE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—One thing that I used to like about Liberty was the articles on aviation. I haven't seen one in a long time, though.

How about something real good soon? Not the old fiction stuff, like War Birds, but something really meaty and informative.—*André Puissant.*

ASK ANY DOCTOR!

CHICAGO, ILL. — The international bankers and their satellites view with alarm the remonetization of silver because this step wrests the control of the basic money of the major countries of the world from their grasp. They lose their world dictatorship and the United States again becomes a government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

There is a legend: "When the people are worthy, a leader will be given them." Now twelve years of misrule are superseded by confidence, control, and convalescence. Can twelve years of bad habits, hardening of the arteries, paralysis, and self-inflicted paresis be cured in a few months? Ask any doctor!—*J. J. Bernhard.*

SHOULD ARMISTICE DAY BE MADE A LEGAL HOLIDAY?

HOUSTON, TEX.—The World War is over—but maybe you didn't know that. I am speaking of your cover for December 30, 1933. The calendar is most useful and I hope you will continue to have it every year.

You mark all the holidays but leave off Armistice Day, November 11. It is a renowned one all over the world, why not put November 11 in red letters hereafter?—*Bill Gilliland.*

BUT WHAT IF VOX POP DIDN'T HOWL?

WEISER, IDAHO—What is the matter with the Howling Brotherhood in Vox Pop? Why not go out and hunt up something worth howling over?

Well, I will tell you why. It simply does not exist. There are only two varieties of trouble to worry over. One is what you *can* help, and you have no right to worry over that. The other is what you *cannot* help, and worrying over that is a waste of time.

While ten years of hospital experience took one leg and various other parts of my anatomy, it failed to kill my sense of humor. For which the Lord be thanked. —*Myron A. Patch.*

Answer to last week's Jumblejem
TEPID

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Transient LADY

A Vivid Novel of Dangerous Days and a Girl's Devotion

(Reading time: 21 minutes 2 seconds.)

NICK KILEY, Dale Cameron, and Chris Blake open a roller-skating rink in Karnak, a Southern city. Carey Marshal, a young lawyer of distinguished family, is attracted by Dale Cameron.

Fred Baxter, wastrel brother of Hamp Baxter, political boss of the district, makes unpleasant advances to Dale. One night at the rink, Kiley and Blake put Fred Baxter off the floor. Fred returns with his gang later that night, and Kiley fires into the mob, killing Fred Baxter. Kiley flees, and Chris Blake, who was not there when the shooting occurred, is arrested for the killing.

Dale Cameron gets Carey Marshal to defend Chris Blake, and Hamp Baxter, enraged, makes threats. Lee Crawford, head of a family long hostile but now friendly to the Baxters, goes to Hamp to remonstrate with him. Hamp beats Lee fo

ILLUSTRATION BY STOCKTON MULFORD

Carey's wheel chair stopped and he held out his hands to her. Dale took them and smiled at him. She said, "Oh, Carey, I'm so sorry."

interfering and the Baxter-Crawford feud flames again. Hostilities break out and members of both families are killed. Major Marshal, Carey's father, calls on the governor for militia and the troops arrive just in time to prevent a pitched battle and the possible lynching of Chris Blake by the Baxters.

The trial of Chris Blake for murder begins with the militia guarding the court room. Hamp Baxter is acting as special prosecutor, with Carey Marshal defending Chris. Carey succeeds in so confusing Matthew Baxter, a witness, that in a violent rage he draws a revolver and shoots Carey. The young lawyer, holding on to the jury box, slumps forward as pandemonium reigns in the court.

PART TEN—DALE CAMERON COMES BACK

GENTLEMEN of the jury," said Carey in a voice which was very faint, "I—I think you will agree with me that—that this—proves—something important."

Then his body sprawled on the floor. He did not even know that Pat Warren had fought her way through the crowd and was pressing his head against her breast. . . .

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The long gray rakish roadster turned sharply from Pineville Road into Marsden Avenue, honked as it passed the Karnak State Bank, whirled into Court Street, proceeded at high speed for one block, and came to a protesting halt in front of the low rambling structure which boasted a gold-lettered sign: KARNAK INFIRMARY.

Miss Patricia Warren cut off the ignition, stepped from the car, and approached the entrance. Beneath the moss-draped branches of a huge oak tree she paused to speak with a trim young man who carried—with some show of personal importance—two things: a Boston bag and a very faint mustache.

Pat displayed no particular respect for the medical profession.

"Willie," she inquired, "how's Carey?"

Willie, who adored Pat but despised her flippancy, forgot himself sufficiently to grin at her.

"He's all right, Pat."

"What do you mean, all right?" asked she skeptically.

"Thigh—that's all. We got the bullet out last night—"

"I know. I stuck around until after he came out from under the anæsthetic. But this morning?"

"He's suffering, of course. And the affair was a shock to his nerves. But he isn't dangerously hurt."

"I can see him?"

"He'll probably die if you don't."

"Cheerio, then." She waved gayly. "I'm on my way to do a bit of life-saving."

She entered Carey's room and greeted him gayly. He was so different now—cheerful and smiling and freshly shaven; hair meticulously brushed, eyes bright, save for an occasional twitching when an unexpected pang reminded him of the near tragedy. He looked up at her.

"How," she inquired, "is our hero this morning?"

"Doing nobly, fair lady," he responded lightly. "Though at times it hurts like hell."

"Don't doubt it. However, I refuse to worry, since Willie Robbins informed me that you are entirely okay."

She stood close to the bed, and he took her hand, enjoying its warm firm pressure. "You're a mighty good egg, Pat Warren."

"Are you attempting to thank me for losing sleep last night?"

"Sit down, young lady, and tell me what's happening in the great world out yonder."

PAT rested her hand on his arm. "A good many things, Carey. Karnak is a queer place."

"Meaning exactly what?"

"Meaning that there's been a revulsion of feeling. Before Matthew Baxter shot you, very few people in Karnak cared a hoot what happened to Chris Blake. He was an outsider, and only of academic interest. Now—except for a few very militant Baxters—every one is interested in his welfare."

"Hmm! You're sure of that, Pat?"

"Positive. You can feel it in the air. You can hear it whispered on street corners and in the stores. I don't know how the case will end, Carey—but whereas yesterday—or if this shooting hadn't happened—the jury would have been afraid to vote against Hamp Baxter, today there's the virtual certainty that they won't dare to vote against public opinion."

Carey shook his head. "It isn't quite that simple."

"Of course not. I realize that there's more of the trial ahead—but at least you're not attempting the impossible. You know, Mr. Marshal—if it weren't for the fear of swelling your head—I'd say you put on rather a grand show yesterday."

"Lucky—that's all."

"My! Such modesty! Really, young sir—you discredited all of the Baxter witnesses by tearing Matthew to pieces. Everybody knows now that they're lying."

"Why?"

"Because of Matthew's attempt to kill you. To know that a young man is a rotter is one thing. To see murder attempted is something else."

HE sighed. "That's more than worth a sore leg. But there's one thing you've forgotten, Pat. No matter what the public thinks, no matter how sentiment has changed, Hamp Baxter remembers that his brother is dead, and he'll fairly blast that jury with his oratory."

"Only this time it might not work," encouraged Pat. "They've seen with their own eyes what Chris was up against, and they've heard Matthew lie."

"I hope you're right." Carey gazed through the window. "Doc says I can move around tomorrow in a wheel chair. In a few more days I'll probably be on my feet. Then we can carry through."

Pat looked away suddenly and Carey caught a tenseness in her manner. He said, "What's wrong?" and she answered evasively, "Nothing."

"But there is. Come clean, Pat."

"Okay." She met his eyes levelly. "The trial isn't being postponed, Carey."

"Not being postponed? That's impossible? Judge Mangin wouldn't force us to go ahead—"

"He didn't," explained the girl gently. "But just a little while ago, when court convened and Judge Mangin was about to announce a postponement, your father appeared and stated that he was taking over your case."

"Good God! Dad!" Carey struggled to a sitting position, then winced with pain and drops of perspiration appeared on his forehead. "He mustn't, Pat! You know he mustn't. With his heart—it might prove fatal."

"I know. But he was magnificent, Carey; grand and powerful and compelling. I knew what he planned to do, and was there early. In a way, it was almost as dramatic as your being shot. His voice was quiet, but the court room was so still you could hear every word distinctly. He said, 'Your Honor, my son was the victim of an attempted murder in this court room yesterday. I wish to pick up where he left off. If it may please the court, I will take charge of the case for the defense.'"

"Dad would. And what happened then?"

"The spectators applauded. The major was terribly embarrassed, but he was pleased, too."

"But it's impossible!"

"Please—Carey." She pressed her hand against his forehead and forced him back on the pillow. "I know he shouldn't. I argued with him. But, you see, he happens to be foolishly fond of you. He was pretty badly shocked by yesterday's occurrence—and his heart stood up under it. And he can easily acquit Chris, too."

"That has nothing to do with it." Carey touched the call button hanging on the bedpost. A trim little nurse responded.

LETTER-DIVISION PUZZLE

By F. Gregory Hartswick

L B) R L N A C (E U I

R P N
P N A
E L N
U A C
U B B
U P

The letters above represent the figures in a sum in long division. All the figures, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 0, are represented. When you have worked out the value of each letter and placed them in numerical order, beginning with 1 and ending with 0, they will spell a ten-letter word. To find the values of the letters, use the clues in the division. For instance, in the first subtraction we see that N from N gives N; N must therefore be zero. And as in the first multiplication E times B gives something ending in zero, either B or E must be 5, for 5 is the only figure which when multiplied by another figure will give something ending in zero. But later on we see that U times B also gives something ending in zero; therefore B must be 5, not E. And since E and U times B gives the zero result, both E and U must be even numbers. But we won't spoil the fun—work out the rest yourself.

(The answer will be found on page 59)

"I want my clothes, nurse, and an orderly with a wheel chair."

"Carey! What are you doing?"

"I'm going back to the Court House, Pat."

"But you can't!"

"Don't kid yourself. There's nothing wrong with me, and there's been too much tragedy already in this town. I'm not going to permit dad to go through with this."

At twelve o'clock the previous night sober Karnak citizens had declared themselves impervious to further thrills. But this morning, news of Major Marshal's dramatic assumption of his son's case had spread through the town.

Then Ossa on Pelion! Thrill on thrill! Carey Marshal in a wheel chair, pale and grim and determined. Pat Warren walking beside him and laughing. The major came forward, pride and apprehension in his eyes.

"You can't do this, son."

"I'm all right, dad." The chair was wheeled closer to the bench. "Your Honor," said Carey clearly, "I am ready to resume the case."

Judge Mangin tried to remain impersonal.

"Your father just said—" he started, but Carey interrupted.

"May it please the court, I have been the attorney of record from the beginning. I ask the court not to compel me to accept assistance."

Major Marshal bent close to his son's ear. "Let me sit in with you, son."

Carey's eyes crinkled. "Will you promise to be good?"

"I promise."

"Fine!" He raised his voice again. "My father will sit with me in an advisory capacity," he said.

CHRIS beckoned to Carey.

"This ain't right, Mr. Marshal. You ain't got any business comin' in here—when you been shot."

"Don't you worry, Chris. I'm okay now."

"They told me you wasn't hurt bad. But, gosh! When you can't even stand up—"

"We've got a good chance, Chris. We've got to fight it through now, before the jury has time to change its mind again."

The judge commanded silence. "Are the attorneys ready?" he asked.

Hamp Baxter rose. He seemed not at all sure of himself, though his eyes held a desperate light. "The state is ready, Your Honor."

"And the defense," said Carey.

"Proceed, then," ordered Judge Mangin.

Hamp Baxter called Ez Goring to the stand. He knew that his chances of obtaining a conviction were still good. He had five witnesses. The defense had none, except Chris Blake himself. Hamp had spent the entire night with his witnesses, drilling them on cross-examination.

He started mildly enough with this witness. Name? Residence? Age? Occupation? Where were you on this particular night?

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*Address*_____

From the hallway came a noise as of rioting—or of cheers. It was a hysterical crowd noise, and the judge became irritated. He stopped the proceedings and demanded that the sergeant at arms either force the crowd outside to be quiet or eject them from the building.

But before the sergeant at arms could reach the end of the court room the doors opened. Carey and Hamp Baxter—and everybody else—turned their eyes toward the roar that swept into the room.

Then Carey understood. He understood many, many things.

He saw Dale Cameron standing in the doorway, and beside her a tall man with bald head and an expression of fright and of indomitable courage.

Dale Cameron had returned to Karnak.

And she had brought Nick Kiley with her.

Carey Marshal heard nothing: Not even his father's explanation to Judge Mangin as to the identities of the newcomers or the judge's smiling agreement to a brief recess. Carey saw only Dale Cameron—Dale standing there with compassionate eyes, seeing only the wheel chair and Carey.

He saw Dale Cameron—Dale in a light-tan dress of silk faille, somewhat crushed by the rigors of a two-day drive in Nick Kiley's truck.

Carey's wheel chair stopped and he held out his hands to her. Dale took them and smiled down at him, though tears were very near that smile. She said, "Oh, Carey, I'm so sorry."

He touched her hand. "And I'm glad, Dale."

"Glad?"

"Because you're back. With you away, things seemed pretty empty."

She flushed, and suddenly became aware that they were in the midst of a staring, curious crowd, and so she made the conversation less intimate. She said, "Does it hurt very much, Carey?"

"This?" He nodded toward the blanket which covered his wounded thigh. "It's nothing."

"Miss Mathilda told me about it."

"I certainly did." The angular and not unmilitant figure of Miss Mathilda insinuated itself beside Carey. "And I'd have you know, young man, that I was right—as usual. I told you Dale would come back."

It was Carey who spoke then. He asked, "What happened, Dale?"

"The morning of the day the soldiers came here I got a letter from Nick. It wasn't signed and it was written so that nobody could know who it was from. But I understood. It had an address on it. Nick didn't know anything about this trouble—about Chris being charged with the killing, or anything like that. He was simply trying to trace us, and he has told me since that, for all he knew, the rink might still be running.

"I knew Nick had done the actual shooting, and I knew he'd probably be willing to come back and say so if he understood conditions. But it didn't seem fair to him to let anybody know where he was. And that night when they were going to lynch Chris—the night the soldiers arrived—I got terrified, and went to get him. I thought we'd be back before the trial started. But I couldn't find Nick at first. And then he was afraid, and finally he said he'd come, though he knew that he was risking his own life by doing it. And he says that Chris wasn't at the rink when the shooting happened, and that everything you suspected about what actually occurred is correct."

Carey spoke to the judge. He apologized for the delay and declared himself ready to continue. Hamp Baxter rose and resumed the direct examination of his witness. But Hamp was subdued. Things had been happening too swiftly and too dramatically. His carefully laid plans had gone awry; public sentiment was against him, and he knew it.

CAREY'S cross-examination of the witnesses was quiet but searching. He knew that they had been coached overnight by Hamp, but he knew also that Kiley's physical presence made them freshly vulnerable; he knew that the sentiment of the community was now with him and that Nick was being looked upon as a hero.

Shortly after noon Hamp Baxter announced that the state rested, and the judge ordered a one-hour recess for lunch. The jury was led away; the spectators—most of them—remained in their seats. Miss Mathilda invited her friends to Ye Olde English Tea Shoppe for lunch, and Pat Warren countered with a better suggestion.

"There's no sense lifting Carey up and down stairs," she said firmly, "so suppose you wheel yourself into the anteroom, Carey, and you go in there with him, Dale. I'll trot downstairs with these folks and come back in six seconds less than a jiffy with a stack of sandwiches and some coffee."

Dale wheeled Carey into the judge's room, which was empty. She placed the chair so that it was shielded by the wall from the prying eyes of the spectators. Then she seated herself—and for almost a minute they looked at each other and said nothing.

Then, suddenly, her eyes filled with tears. "I know it's all over, Carey—but I'm still horribly frightened."

"About Chris?"

"About you. I'm glad I didn't see it."

HE shrugged. "I was lucky. And it was a mighty good break for Chris. I think he'd have gotten off even if Nick hadn't come back."

"And now?"

"Almost a certainty—if I'm any judge. Dad thinks so too."

"What will they do to Nick?"

"If they free Chris I think they'll let Nick alone. People are beginning to understand that whoever did the shooting was justified, and you'd never make them believe that any man who was technically guilty would have dared to return to Karnak."

A very black and decidedly wizened colored man tapped timidly. He entered bearing a tray.

"Howdye, Mis' Cam'ron? Howdye, Mistuh Carey?"

"Hello, Plato. What's this?"

"Mis' Warren—she say you-all bofe was to eat hearty, specially of them sandwiches."

"Isn't she coming back?"

"Nossuh! That is, she never said she was."

"Did she say she wasn't?"

"Yassuh, Mistuh Carey. Come to refleck on it, she said jist ezackly that."

Dale bit her lip. "Well, you go back and tell Miss Warren that we're eating the lunch, but we want her to join us right away."

"Yassum. Tha's the most thing I's gwine tell her direckly I gits there."

"And," interrupted Carey, "you might also mention to Miss Mathilda that the lunch is elegant."

"Oh, yassuh. I tells her that, sho nuff. But she knows a'ready that you-all depreciates it."

Plato vanished. But Dale and Carey did not immediately start their lunch. Their eyes met and held, and it was Dale who spoke, with just the faintest suggestion of a break in her voice.

"Pat *would* do something like that. I wish she hadn't."

Carey Marshal was not a clever dissembler. Over delicate sandwiches and steaming coffee he was feasting his eyes on Dale Cameron. And once he laughed lightly.

"It's queer, Dale, but I feel as though I were seeing you for the first time."

"Don't be silly."

"I do—really. Perhaps it's because I thought you had gone permanently."

"You thought that?"

"What else could I think? You left no word, you had been almost hysterical the night before, you had been threatened by a mob—I certainly wouldn't have blamed you."

"Yes, you would." She spoke very quietly. "You would blame anybody who ran away from trouble."

"Perhaps." There was a thrill just seeing her, trim and pretty—sitting opposite.

Dale placed her coffee cup carefully on the saucer. Her voice was earnest: "Pat Warren is the most wonderful girl I have ever known, Carey."

He nodded. "She's all that—and more."

"She's everything I'd like to be."

"Now, Dale! Don't exaggerate!"

"I happen to be serious. She does the right thing—always—because that's the only thing she knows how to do. I—if you insist on comparison—I try to do the right thing, but I have to stop and think at times what the right thing is."

"I'm afraid," he said evenly, "that you're simply making me like you more and more."

She flushed. "That's exactly what I want you to do. I want you both to like me—always."

"We will."

"I've brought you a lot of unhappiness and worry—I and my friends. But I am mostly responsible, because I dragged you into it."

"And are you sorry?"

"No." She paused briefly. "I'm not sorry—because it's worth a lot to have known you and Pat. I'm not sorry because without you they'd have lynched Chris."

"You're pretty fond of Chris, aren't you?"

"Terribly," said Dale.

Carey hesitated before saying, "He loves you, Dale."

"Yes." She started to say "I'm afraid so," but choked the words back. "He's a fine boy."

CAREY'S eyes were focused intently upon her, so that she felt uncomfortable. There were so many things she wanted to say; so many things that she wished him to understand. But the *tête-à-tête* luncheon—thanks to Pat Warren's generous gesture—was an invisible barrier. Pat had arranged for them to be alone so that they might say to each other whatever they desired to say. And because of that Dale would say nothing. She tried to be light and gay and to steer the conversation away from dangerously personal channels. She inquired minutely about Carey's wound; she told in detail of her long exhausting trip back to Karnak with Nick in the new truck he had purchased to replace the old one which had been abandoned the night of his escape from Karnak.

THEN there were footsteps in the hall, and Major Marshal and Nick Kiley and Pat Warren returned, followed by Miss Mathilda, on whose arm Miss Eva was affrightedly hanging. The judge returned from his lunch at the hotel, nodded to them, accepted an introduction to Dale, inquired after Carey's leg, donned his robes, and took his place on the bench.

The trial was resumed. Carey conferred with Nick Kiley and put him on the stand. He asked the conventional identifying questions, and then invited him to tell the story.

Nick was nervous, but he had courage. Leaning forward in the witness chair, bald head gleaming in the sunlight which streamed through the western windows, he spoke quietly and impressively.

His story was simple and unadorned. He used few adjectives. He voiced no theories. He gave a simple chronicle of fact, and in all that court room there was no man or woman—not even Mr. Wade Hampton Baxter—who could doubt his truth and sincerity.

"Your witness," said Carey, and Hamp rose.

In next week's concluding installment of this vivid novel of Southern life you will find the great climax of the story and learn whether romance is finally to triumph over doubt and misunderstanding in Dale and Carey.

Answer to Letter-Division Puzzle on Page 56

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

REPUBLICAN

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 44

1—By contest, for an award of $25,000.

2—Patrick Henry.

3—In the Declaration of Independence.

4—France.

5—One who disregards social restraints.

6—Because it was founded for free Negroes from the United States.

7—Nineteen.

8—Liberty: The state of being exempt from the domination of others. License: Disregard of law or propriety.

9—As You Like It, Act 2, Scene 7.

10—The book in which is kept a record of the leaves of absence of the ship's personnel.

11—The Roman *pileus*, worn by manumitted slaves; also a cap worn by French Revolutionists.

12—The Roman goddess of liberty.

13—From 1840 to 1848.

14—The doctrine of free will; also freedom of thought and action.

15—To the religious freedom in the United States.

16—About 45,000.

17—Faneuil Hall, Boston, Massachusetts.

18—The bell rung at the first public reading of the Declaration of Independence; in Independence Hall, Philadelphia.

19—A Roman vintage festival in honor of Liber and Libera.

20—To free or become free from narrow views or prejudices.

LIPSTICK QUESTION

FOR MEN

"Object to too much make-up?"

Here's the Answer!

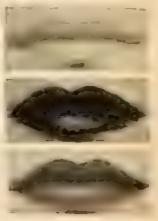
MOST men, we discovered, don't like too much make-up on a woman's lips. "It makes her conspicuous," some say. And others add, "I can't stand that greasy coating." But how many men have the heart to say those things to a woman's face?

On the other hand, a woman doesn't hesitate to criticize the kind of socks you wear; and she goes right out to buy a new kind for you!

Why not return the favor and introduce her to a new kind of lipstick? . . . A lipstick that gives her all the color she could ask for . . . yet never causes a painted look.

A LIPSTICK THAT ISN'T PAINT

This lipstick is called Tangee. It's not like any other lipstick . . . It's made *without* paint. Looks different, too. In the stick, it's orange. On her lips, it's a decided rose! Yes, Tangee changes color to match the complexion of the user. Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens. It becomes a very part of her lips, instead of a greasy coating. Once they try it, women always like Tangee. Why not send her a Tangee Make-Up Set today? Just fill in 10c coupon below.



UNTOUCHED — Lips without make-up often look faded and unattractive.

PAINTED — Too much make-up makes a woman's lips conspicuous . . . seems to age the face.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural coloring, restores youthful smoothness. Actually ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **SEND HER 4-PIECE MAKE-UP SET**

The George W. Luft Company (Enclose 10c stamps or coin)
417 Fifth Ave., New York City

I admire natural make-up. Send Tangee Make-Up Set (containing **Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder**) to:

*Her Name*_____

*Her Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

LH24

Powder Shade ☐ Blonde ☐ Brunette ☐ Redhead

You Read It FIRST

Of 1933's Biggest News Stories, Every One That Could Be Humanly Foreseen Was Told in Advance in These Pages!

(Reading time: 5 minutes 30 seconds.)

WE must dip our editorial pen into the future. We must paint a simple, concise, authoritative interpretation of major problems which cast their shadows before them." This statement by the editor of Liberty, Fulton Oursler, in a speech before the Aircraft Association in Detroit, sums up the policy of this magazine.

Liberty is not a newspaper. We cannot wait for things to happen. The mechanical restrictions imposed upon a magazine compel us to anticipate events.

To what extent have we succeeded?

The answer appears in the vote of the editors of newspapers served by the Associated Press on the year's biggest news stories. These were:

1. ROOSEVELT RECOVERY PROGRAM.
2. HITLER'S RISE TO POWER IN GERMANY.
3. REPEAL OF THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT.
4. RECOGNITION OF THE U. S. S. R.
5. AMERICAN BANK HOLIDAY.
6. ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT-ELECT ROOSEVELT AND MORTAL WOUNDING OF MAYOR CERMAK.
7. AKRON DISASTER.
8. CALIFORNIA EARTHQUAKE.
9. WAR ON KIDNAPERS.
10. DEATH OF FORMER PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

The Associated Press calls these "the most important news stories" of 1933. Liberty ran six of the ten stories as articles many months before they appeared in the daily press. One, the destruction of the Akron, dealt with after the event, was treated adequately only in Liberty of all national magazines.

And the remaining three events were unpredictable: the attempted assassination of President Roosevelt, the death of Calvin Coolidge, and the California earthquake.

In the issue of December 10, 1932, Franklin D. Roosevelt, then President-elect, outlined in Liberty the New Deal. It was three months later that newspaper readers were acquainted with Mr. Roosevelt's program.

Throughout the campaign preceding the election of 1932 Liberty published Mr. Roosevelt's trenchant editorials. It was the first popular magazine to recognize his qualifications. "Except in Liberty," the New York Herald Tribune concedes, "Mr. Roosevelt's supporters experienced difficulty during this period in obtaining what they considered adequate and sympathetic presentation of his accomplishments and program."

When Mr. Roosevelt began to be mentioned as a possible candidate, an insidious whisper went from ear to ear: "Roosevelt is a cripple. He is not physically fit to be President of the United States." Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York and was acquitting himself well. Nevertheless, chances were that he would be eliminated unless the gossip was disproved.

The editor of Liberty sent a letter to the governor and stated the facts. "This is what the people are saying and we don't know if it is true or not. . . . We would like to send a man into your home to live for two months and sit by your side day after day. Furthermore, we would like to have our physicians examine you."

The governor wrote back, "Name your man and name your time." The result was the now famous article, Is Franklin D. Roosevelt Physically Fit To Be President?

According to the investigation of a large advertising agency, it was the most widely read magazine story of the year. It was a bombshell that awoke the nation. The rest is history.

Legislative measures which have become part of the New Deal were predicted by Colonel Edward M. House on January 7, 1933, in Does America Need a Dictator?

The second of the year's ten biggest news stories was the sudden rise of Hitler to power. Long before the world took his ambitions very seriously, Liberty sent George Sylvester Viereck to interview him. On July 9, 1932, we published the first statement by him on his plans in any popular magazine: "When I Take Charge of Germany" — Hitler Shows His Hand.

Six months later Hitler was in power.

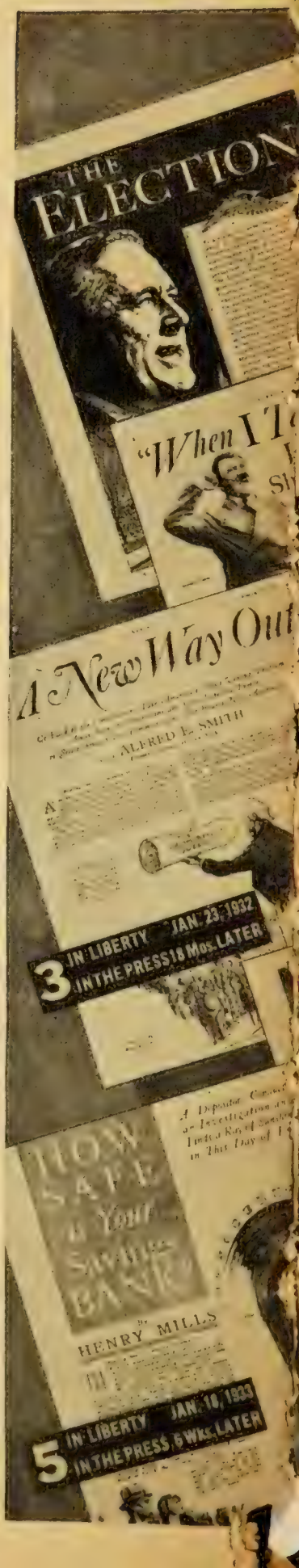
Alfred E. Smith's successful plan for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment was first forecast in Liberty by Smith himself in A New Way Out of Prohibition, in the issue of January 23, 1932. Eighteen months later came repeal.

A few months after Mr. Smith's home-rule plan, Rupert Hughes, in Beer or Civil War, warned the country and the politicians against tampering any longer with the patience of the people.

Recognition of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is the year's fourth important event. Again, long before President Roosevelt indicated his receptivity toward negotiations, Liberty sent Max Eastman with a questionnaire to Leon Trotsky in his exile.

Is Soviet Russia Fit to Recognize? Yes, Says Leon Trotsky was published in the issue of January 14, 1933. Ten months later President Roosevelt extended that recognition.

Six weeks before the declaration of a bank holiday by President Roosevelt, Liberty published on January 28, 1933, an article by Henry


THE ELECTION
A New Way Out
ALFRED E. SMITH
3 IN LIBERTY JAN. 23, 1932 IN THE PRESS 18 Mos. LATER
HENRY MILLS
5 IN LIBERTY JAN. 14, 1933 IN THE PRESS 6 WKS. LATER

in Liberty

New Deal Voted Year's Biggest Story
Managing editors of Associated Press newspapers made these selections for the ten outstanding news stories of 1932, says the Associated Press:
1—Roosevelt recovery program.
2—Hitler's rise to power in Germany.
3—Repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.
4—Recognition of the U. S. S. R.
5—American bank holiday.
6—Attempted assassination of President-elect Roosevelt and mortal wounding of Mayor Cermak.
7—Akron disaster.
8—California earthquake.
9—War on kidnapers.
(Returns received after the Brooke Hart kidnaping-murder and lynching specifically mentioned this story.)
10—Death of former President Coolidge.
Other Outstanding Events: Cuban revolution, stock market hearing and Morgan testimony, defeat of Tammany in New York, United States off gold standard, economic conference in London, Balbo flight, Western farm revolt, Post round-the-world flight, Chicago Century of Progress, Kansas City massacre, Japanese penetration of Asia, Lindbergh flight, Insull extradition hearings, veterans' cuts, lynchings and Gov. Rolph's attitude, California brush fire, Kansas prison escape, Ford-Johnson controversy.
1932'S OUTSTANDING STORIES
Atlantic City Hotel
Interpretation
President-Elect
FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT
1 IN LIBERTY DEC. 12, 1932
IN THE PRESS 3 Mos. LATER
WHAT REALLY HAPPENED TO THE AKRON
Liberty
YOUTH FINDS OUT
of GERMANY"
2 IN LIBERTY JULY 9, 1932
IN THE PRESS 6 Mos. LATER
PROHIBITION
Is SOVIET RUSSIA Fit to Recognize?
4 IN LIBERTY JAN. 4, 1933
IN THE PRESS 10 Mos. LATER
"YES!" says Leon Trotsky
7 IN THE PRESS APRIL 3, 1933
IN LIBERTY DEC. 16, 1933
What Really Happened to the Akron
By Lieutenant Commander C.E. ROSENDAHL, U. S. NAVY
Jack GREY
9 IN LIBERTY NOV. 19, 1932
IN THE PRESS 10 Mos. LATER
THE New UNDERWORLD

Mills: How Safe Is Your Savings Bank? The author, after conducting a searching investigation into our financial condition, found much that was seriously wrong. But he found the savings banks solvent. Thus the article, though sounding financial alarms, shed a ray of sunshine in a day of fear.

The Akron disaster could not have been humanly foreseen. But Liberty covered this event shortly afterward in a startling interpretation of What Really Happened to the Akron, by Lieutenant Commander C. E. Rosendahl.

The war on kidnapers was adequately foreshadowed in Liberty on November 19, 1932. Jack Grey, in The New Underworld, disclosed certain facts which did not become public property until ten months later.

During the Presidential campaign, while supporting Franklin D. Roosevelt, Liberty prevailed upon his cousin, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, to expound in its columns the point of view of the Republican Party. Every shade of opinion was represented in its pages. Senator William E. Borah discussed foreign problems and domestic issues. Senator George Norris forecast the elimination of the Lame Duck sessions. Certain suggestions made by Senator Burton K. Wheeler in The Silver Lining deeply influenced the attitude of the President and have helped to determine his actions. Much of what Senator Robert F. Wagner advocated in Danger Ahead! has since been written into the law.

THE END

THE MISSING HEIR

Whatever has become of William Archibald Pennington, Jr., who invariably rubs his eyes in the morning and declares he's too sleepy to get up?

SOLUTION: His mother promised him Log Cabin Syrup with pancakes for breakfast and he is already enjoying his second helping. Delicious Log Cabin is a special blend of Vermont maple, Canadian maple and fine cane sugars. Sealed in the unique Log Cabin, so popular with children. A product of General Foods.

© 1931, G. F. Corp.

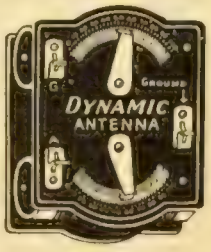
Throw Away Your Aerial!

Amazing $1 Device Does Away With It ENTIRELY! Special Tuning Feature Improves Selectivity, Tone

SIMPLY hook Walco Aerial Eliminator on back of radio —forget yards and yards of aerial trouble! Size only 3 x 5 inches. Eliminates ugly wires all over room, on roof, or hanging out window. Gives volume and distance equal to out-door aerial with far BETTER SELECTIVITY.

NO MORE NUISANCE OR DANGER

Easy to connect Walco Aerial Eliminator in 2 minutes without tools! Ends all dangers of lightning, storms, short circuits. No more clicks and noise from wind and rain. NOW you can hook up radio in any room. No wires show.



SEND NO MONEY

Try It 5 Days at Our Risk!

Merely mail the coupon. No money necessary now. When delivered pay postman $1, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, return it in 5 days—your $1 refunded at once. **ELECTRICAL LABORATORIES CO. 141 East 25th St., Dept. 162, New York City**

ELECTRICAL LABORATORIES CO., Dept. 162,
141 East 25th Street, New York City
Send Walco Aerial Eliminator, with instructions. Will pay postman $1, plus few cents postage. If not delighted, will return in 5 days for $1 refund.

Name.....

Address.....

[ ] Check here if ENCLOSING $1—thus saving postage charges. Same refund Guarantee applies.

DEALERS—Write for proposition

America For the Heart of

Which Will Win — Its New Religion of Human Rights or the Red Ideals of Russia?

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

RETURNING recently from a trip around the world, I have just now journeyed across America. Let me tell you what I found both here and abroad:

First: a bewildered world, disturbed and disillusioned by the Great War, the world slump, debts, high tariffs, intense nationalisms, greed, economic imperialism, hate, and fear.

Second: an America that begins to find herself in a new working religion of Human Rights.

Third: the beginning of an epic struggle between the ideas and ideals of Soviet Russia and those of the New America to capture the heart and the imagination of this bewildered world.

Everywhere I found a demand for change—for a new set-up—for a new conception of fundamental justice.

Everywhere I found men overwhelmed by private debts and their countries rendered helpless by governmental debts.

Everywhere I saw how nations in desperation had built up impossible tariff walls and killed any chance there might have been for a free life-giving flow of goods.

Everywhere I watched greed and lust for profits and hate and fear raise their fang-toothed heads.

Cocoon growers in paper villages under the shadow of the beautiful Mount Fuji in Japan; rice growers in the paddies of Siam; wheat growers in broad Roumanian fields; corn growers in Iowa and cotton growers in Georgia—all, I discovered, had been crushed by these common enemies. Yet all were equally thrilled by common dreams of change and material betterment.

In the midst of this welter of depression and world heartbreak it seems fantastic to state that, despite it all, I did find the faint murmurings of a new rhythm. It moves in varied accents—but it moves. It is alive. There is a strange stirring in the hearts of men.

And I am positive that there is a great current of unrest and dissatisfaction flowing over the world, one that nothing can permanently check. It carries with it a demand for change—for what our own great President Roosevelt calls the New Deal. And over the whole world the Little Men—the under dogs, the broken middle classes and the ruined common masses—cry out for a new and better break.

I have found that we live in a complicated world of cross-purposes and divergent ambitions — a vast and seething world, yet a mutually dependent one. When America no longer had the money to buy Japan's silk crop, five million Japanese farmers went broke. When there was a decrease in the purchase of cotton by Japanese, cotton growers in a half dozen of our own states could not buy motor cars to keep Detroit factories humming.

The world is slowly learning that no part can be truly and permanently prosperous and happy as long as other great sections are broken and insolvent.

And it is a small world in time and space. The intrepid Wiley Post flies around it in seven days and some hours. On the magic wings of radio a word of skillful propaganda swings around the whole circuit and into twenty million sets in a quarter of a second.

A can of film bearing its unconscious message of nationalism unfolds before a hundred million eager eyes. In sacred Benares on the Mother Ganges; in a tiny movie house on the blessed Euphrates at Bagdad; in a forgotten village in Queensland, Australia; on the blaring, busy Ginza in Tokyo—in a thousand and one spots I have seen these contributions of Hollywood, contributions that are often unworthy yet are of vast importance and prove how small this world is.

And it is this little world—this tired, bewildered, hungry, disillusioned little world—that great New America and mighty Soviet Russia fight to win. America, come alive, dreaming again, builds its new religion of Human Rights—against all other rights. Russia waves its red banners and preaches its own new religion of Economic Brotherhood.

From Italy and now Germany come minor religions of extreme nationalism—but sooner or later they will fall before one or the other of these great builders of the new life.

I am convinced that this new rhythm of hope and change has entered the consciousness of millions

Fights Mankind

By
FRAZIER HUNT

Americans. They recognize that the New American revolution is well under way. They accept its thrilling dreams.

This new revolution is only one of a series we have struggled through in America. My friend Dr. William E. Wickenden, president of Case School of Applied Science and one of the broad and wise men of this land, worked out recently for me the fascinating theory that since 1620 America has had four great revolutions and now is embarking on the fifth. These have come at more or less eighty-year periods. I have named them myself: first, the Discovery Period; second, the Colonial Period; third, the Expansion Period; fourth, the Machine Production Era; and now the fifth, the Human Rights Era.

Broadly speaking, at the end of each era the slate was wiped clean and America started on a new phase of her great adventure.

The uncontrolled Machine Era now draws to a close. The machine, if it is to continue in private hands as a profit producer, must hum to the new song of Human Rights. It will have to be divorced from the banker-speculator. It will have to be removed from the gamblers who play with marked decks and loaded dice. It will have to become primarily an instrument to be used in the making of *things* and not in the making of *money*.

No other ism but that of the New Americanism can show us the way. Communism, Socialism, Fascism, Hitlerism—all doctrinated political philosophies can contribute little or nothing.

So it is that I find that the New America again competes for the imagination of the world. She regains once more a portion of her lost spiritual leadership.

And that is a good thing to be sure of.

This is the first in a series of articles by Mr. Hunt on the conclusions to which his world tour has led him. Another article will appear in an early issue.

EATEN JUST LIKE CANDY
CONTAINS NO SODA OR ANY SOLUBLE ALKALIES
NEUTRALIZES EXCESS ACIDITY IN STOMACH WITHOUT EVER ALKALIZING THE STOMACH

EXPLANATION OF NEW "BUFFER" TREATMENT *for Acid Indigestion!*

Ends dangers of taking strong caustic alkalies. Brings quick relief for heartburn, sour stomach, gas, belching.

MILLIONS of people have changed their habits in treating Hyperacidity. People who formerly mixed up and drank strong water solutions containing caustic alkalies, now eat a pleasant mint which contains no soda or other water soluble alkali. This new mint is called TUMS. It contains an antacid which works in a unique way. Scientists describe this antacid as a "buffer," because it corrects acidity in the stomach but never over-alkalizes the stomach. Being insoluble except in the presence of acid, any excess passes out of the system inert and undissolved.

The litmus paper test shows that TUMS neutralize the acid of lemon juice in a water solution. Yet no matter how many TUMS are added, the solution remains neutral, never becomes alkaline. TUMS act the same way in the stomach, neutralizing excess acidity but never causing the stomach to become alkaline.

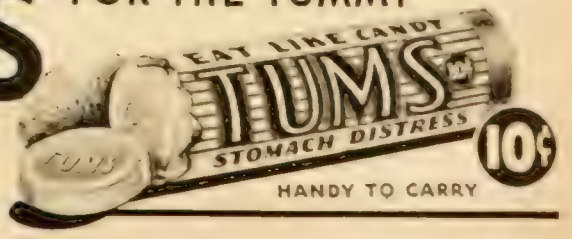
Physicians have warned of the dangers of taking soluble alkalies in strong concentration. Alkalosis might be caused. Kidney trouble might develop. No wonder then that millions of people have turned to this new scientific, safe way to correct the symptoms of "Fussy Stomach."

Get a roll of TUMS today at any drug store. Munch 3 or 4 after meals or whenever distressed. You'll be surprised at how you can eat favorite foods that formerly caused trouble. Eat a few of them any time you are not feeling just right. They are delightful, just like candy. Only 10c a roll. (TUMS do not contain soda or any water soluble alkali.)

Free *Beautiful new gold and blue 1934 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples* TUMS *and* NR—*Just send name and address, enclosing stamp, to* A. H. LEWIS COMPANY, Dept. BFF-12, St. Louis, Mo.

NRA

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

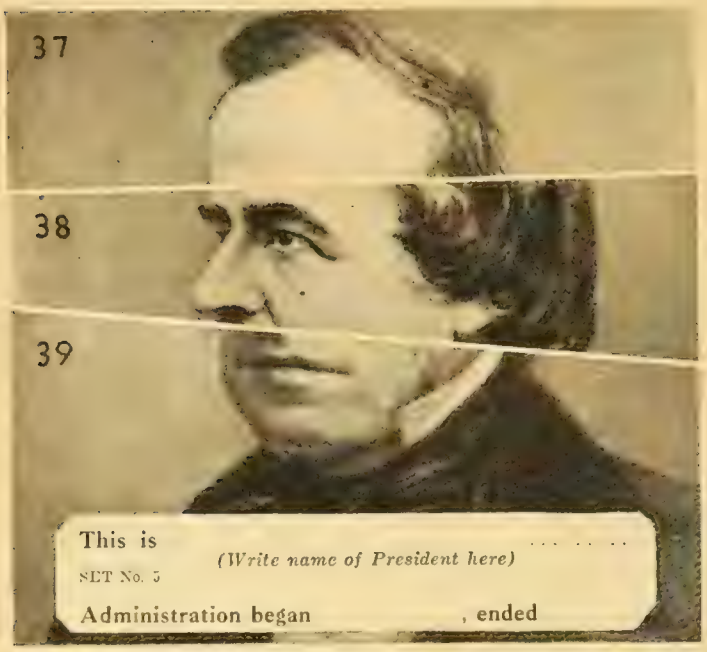


TUMS ARE ANTACID
NOT A LAXATIVE

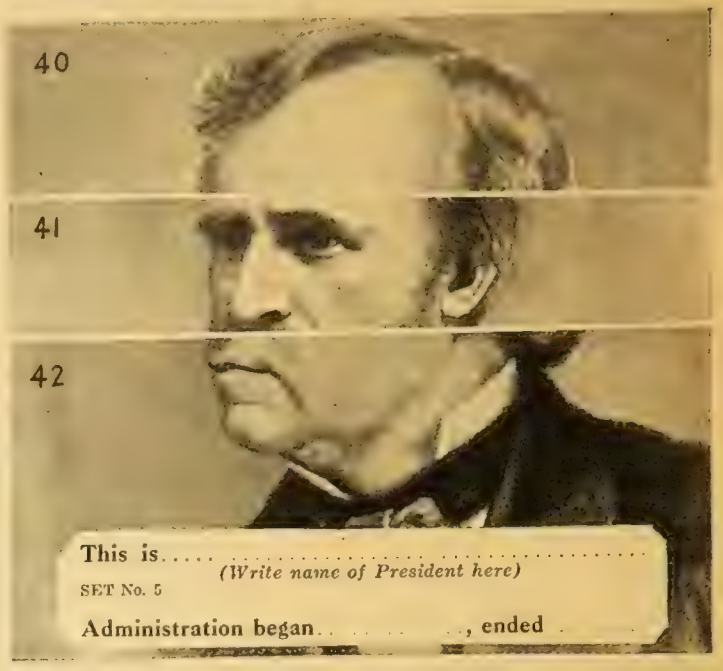
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25 cents. NR

$2,500 Presidents Contest

GET INTO THIS CASH PRIZE GAME TODAY!



THE FOREHEAD *is of a graduate of Kenyon College; the eyes and nose are of an Alderman in Tennessee; the mouth and chin are of a Louisiana cotton planter.*



THE FOREHEAD *is of a Mexican War hero; the eyes and nose are of a three-time Governor of a state; the mouth and chin are of a tailor's apprentice.*

GET into the game of Presidents today! Reassemble the jumbled composite pictures on this page correctly and identify them. By so doing you will have traveled a tenth of the way toward the $2,500 in cash prizes which Liberty will award among the 273 winning entrants. Will you be one of them? Your chance to win is excellent. Think what you could do with $500 (First Prize) extra money! Better get into this game right now if you have delayed in previous weeks.

SEND FOR FIRST FOUR SETS

If you have not saved the previous sets of pictures, do not hesitate to enter on that account. You still can get into the game. Just write a request to the address given in Rule No. 6 and the first four sets of composites will be mailed to you without charge. Solve them and you will be even with the field.

PRESIDENTS CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of composite pictures of former Presidents of the United States.

2. Each set of pictures when cut apart and correctly reassembled will make complete portraits of former Presidents. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of portraits Liberty will award $2,500 in cash prizes according to the schedule on this page. In case of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Thirty pictures will be published in all, one for each former President. Franklin D. Roosevelt's picture is not included in this contest, only former Presidents being used.

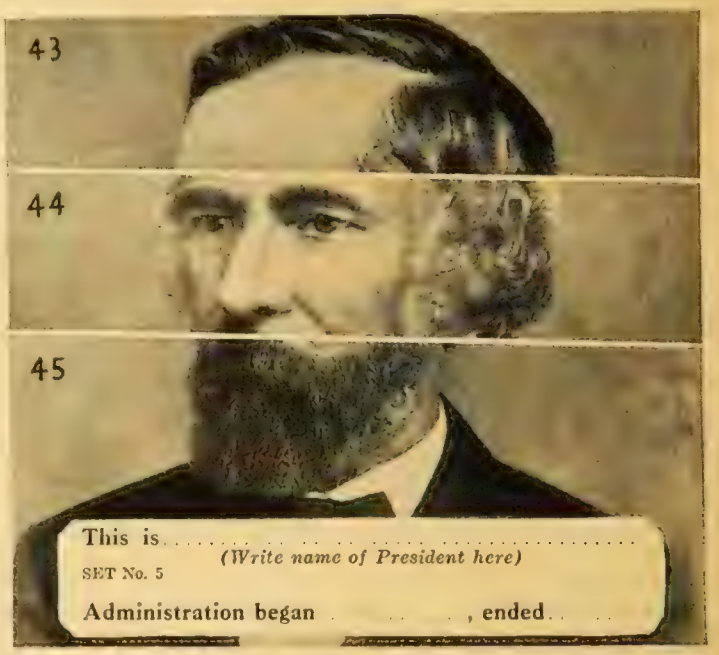
5. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the President and the first and last years of his administration.

6. Mail your entry by first-class mail to PRESIDENTS CONTEST, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

7. No contestant shall be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

8. Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. Elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No entries will be returned.

9. All entries must be received on or before Monday, April 23, the closing date of this contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.



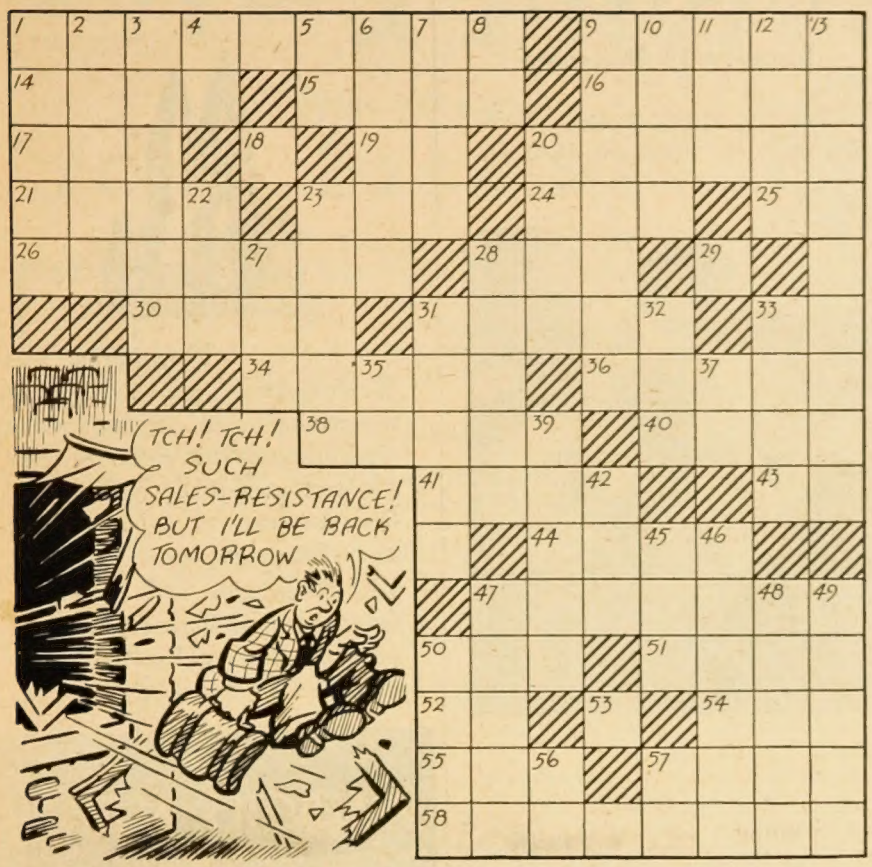
THE FOREHEAD *is of a Governor of Tennessee; the eyes and nose are of a native of Orange County, Va.; the mouth and chin are of one who was seated by an Electoral Commission in a disputed election.*

CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
70 PRIZES, each $10	700
200 PRIZES, each $5	$1,000
273 PRIZES—TOTAL	$2,500

THIS IS THE FIFTH SET OF THE SERIES. THE SIXTH WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the proverb suggested by the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.

HORIZONTAL

1 Old maids
9 Bend
14 Determination
15 A mixture
16 Musical instrument
17 Aclinic (abbr.)
18 Indefinite article
19 Into
20 There is (contr.)
21 An ancient country
23 Sum up
24 Over (poet.)
25 Stanza (abbr.)
26 Perfume
28 Go astray
29 Me
30 Correct, arrange
31 Strength
33 A degree (abbr.)
34 Propelled by a pole
36 Flavor
38 Set an estimate
40 A measure of length
41 Migrate
43 Plural suffix
44 A wale
47 State of the air
50 Christian (abbr.)
51 Half
52 Note of the scale
53 Indefinite article
54 Erode
55 Part of to be
57 Head (French)
58 Half-breeds

VERTICAL

1 Metal-shaping tool
2 A size of type (pl.)
3 Misuse
4 Non licet (abbr.)
5 Toward
6 Ignore
7 An external covering
8 Thus
9 Orbs
10 A row
11 To row
12 Certain persons
13 Cards for mailing
20 Rended
22 Guided
23 Performer
27 To pinch
28 Any of various large sea ducks
31 Boxing contest
32 Method
33 Afflict with ennui
35 Note of the scale
37 Dad
39 One who stitches
42 Large New Zealand parrot
45 Lieutenants (abbr.)
46 Contraction of there is
47 In what place
48 To act (colloq.)
49 Ceremonies
50 To stuff
56 French conjunction
57 Territories (abbr.)

■	A	R	C	T	I	C	■	S	C	A	R	C	E	■
S	P	O	O	L	■	U	■	O	■	B	I	R	D	S
C	R	A	W	■	F	L	O	C	K	■	G	A	I	T
R	I	D	■	V	A	T	■	K	E	A	■	B	C	E
A	L	■	P	E	R	U	■	E	X	I	T	■	T	E
P	■	D	U	N	■	R	U	T	■	M	O	B	■	R
E	P	I	S	T	L	E	■	S	I	S	T	E	R	S
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S	I	T	U	A	T	E	■	F	■	■	■	■	■	■
H	■	O	R	B	■	D	I	E	■	■	■	■	■	■
O	F	■	N	E	E	D	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	■
A	L	I	■	T	R	Y	■	T	■	■	■	■	■	■
L	E	N	D	■	A	I	T	H	■	■	■	■	■	■
S	E	T	O	N	■	S	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■
■	T	O	G	E	T	H	E	R	■	■	■	■	■	■

Answer to last week's puzzle

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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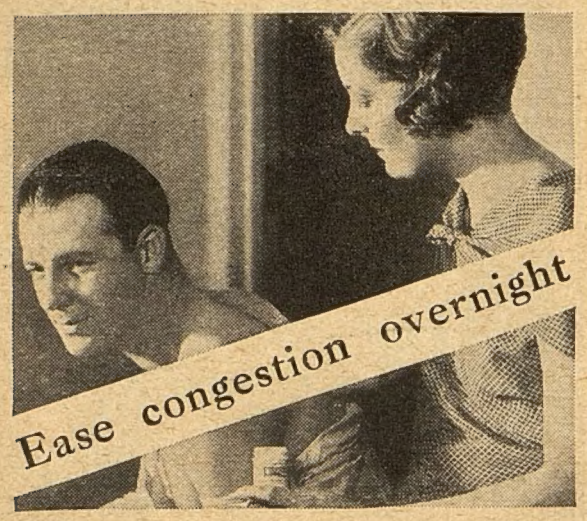
MUSCULAR RHEUMATIC

PAIN



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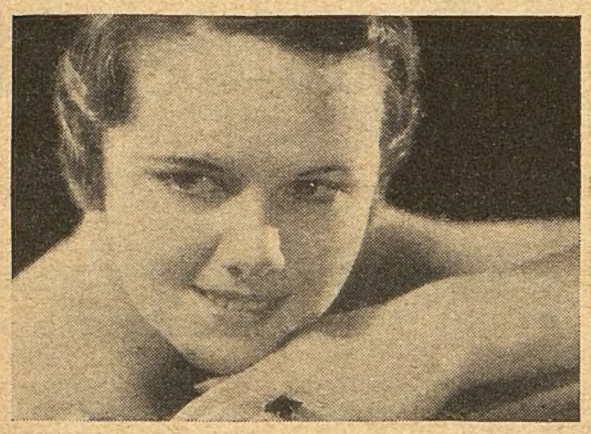

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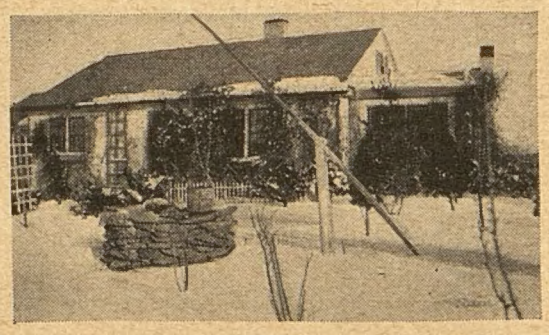
●

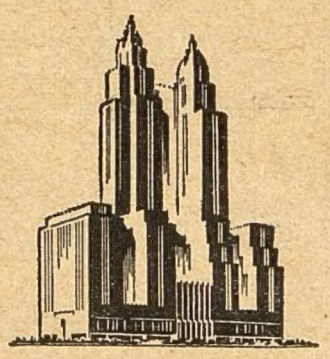
$10 PRIZE WINNER

By FRANK G. BRIGHTMAN



A
DISTINGUISHED HOME

☆



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The Hunter

A Short Short Story by

JOHN ERSKINE

(Reading time: 5 minutes 7 seconds.)

THE ship was crowded, and I hadn't secured a table in advance, but the *maître d'hôtel* came to the rescue. He would take care of me with two others:

"Major Cameron and a charming lady."

Just outside of Sandy Hook we ran into a wind, and by dinner time we were rolling. I was not surprised to find at the table only one of my companions.

"Good evening, major!"

He rose to greet me, and he had my name right.

"The steward told me who you were," said I, as we sat down together.

"And I," said the major, "consulted his diagram."

"Is the weather," I asked, "too severe for Mrs. Cameron?"

He looked surprised. "I trust not! My wife's in London."

I explained: "The steward said there was a charming lady with you."

The major cheered up. "Let's hope he's right! Steward—I say, steward!"

He beckoned to the *maître d'hôtel*, and wanted to know who was sitting with us, and the *maître d'hôtel* said she was Mme. Albenez of South America.

The major made a wry face. "A blackamoor perhaps!"

I saw he was a man of prejudices. A substantial, well weathered Briton, the kind that founds empires and puts up with no nonsense. I never faced keener eyes. He was nearer fifty than forty, but his dinner coat fitted a remarkably small waist, and his hair had almost no gray in it. He was tall, with large hands.

Yet not a fighter, after all, as I learned at that first meal. He was in the medical service, a surgeon.

Next day Mme. Albenez came down for lunch. I was at the table first, and by the time the major arrived she and I were well launched on one of those shipboard intimacies. She was more than charming; she was magnificent—short, to be sure, with the Spanish figure, and some day she might be fat, but as yet she was graceful, pinkish white, black-haired, dark-eyed.

The major came at last. He said polite things, and seemed pleased enough while she and I chatted on, but when we were mounting to the deck afterward, he pulled at my sleeve. "I've traveled more than you—I see you need warning."

"What against?"

"Don't you recognize her, man? She's on all the boats of all the seas!"

"What does she do?" I asked fatuously.

"Blackmail chiefly, with a little delicate murder on the side. Don't be caught in her room! If you walk with her on deck, let it be always where some one will see you!"

I was too astonished to thank him.

That evening Mme. Albenez was ravishing. She wore a white gown with a slash of red in it, one of those bold effects a Spanish woman can risk; but your eyes were on the way her dress slanted over one arm and under the other. That lovely naked shoulder was something to dine next to! Her recklessness took my breath away. She was telling the world how dangerous she was.

The major was calm, even gracious. I tried to imitate him, but I was afraid of her. I caught her studying me, and for an instant her eyes seemed snakelike.

At lunch next day the strain was awkward. I was in the way. She would have preferred the major alone. She was aiming her charms at him, as though I didn't exist. And, to my amazement, he liked it! He began to repay her in kind, with as fine a skill in flirtation as a soldier can master in long service, missing no opportunities.

When I went to dine that evening, only the third night out, our table was set for one. In a corner she had found chairs for two, though the *maître d'hôtel* had sworn the quiet nooks were all taken.

From that moment they walked together, they sat in their deck chairs together, they lunched and dined together. When we happened to pass, the major didn't see me.

Bound for the Continent myself, I stood near the gangplank, idly watching the Plymouth passengers gathered in a cluster to leave us. The major and Mme. Albenez were waiting arm in arm. At this last moment, I saw how far it had gone with her. She loved him.

GLANCING up, he had to acknowledge my presence. I stepped forward. "It was a pleasure to meet you, major—and you madame."

That poisonous glitter came back to her eyes. "It was not a pleasure! You hate me! You told lies!"

When I turned to the major, he drew himself up, "Madame has heard whispers against her, started since we sailed. If you started them, there's time to settle with you before I go!"

And the other passengers listening! I looked straight at him, and I saw he was mad.

But I had to hit back. "If I knew her as well as you do, I'd surely admire her as much!"

He took that for a satisfactory finish, if you please, and went down the gangplank with her.

When we reached Havre, and the captain came along the deck, I thanked him for a good crossing.

"Ah—and did you have interesting companions?"

"Very. One in particular. Major Cameron, a medical officer. He sat at my table. He and a Spanish lady. They are lovers."

The captain raised his eyebrows. "He is *very* interesting, and he has considered my feelings. I appreciate his delicacy."

He started to leave me, then turned back. "You said he was a medical officer?"

"So he told me."

For a moment he paused, then smiled, raised his hand to his cap, and was moving off again.

I followed him. "Isn't he a medical officer?"

The captain lowered his voice. "It always causes a scandal to make an arrest on a boat. He is from Scotland Yard."

THE END

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